Auf Wiedersehen

1912

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THE CIRCLE

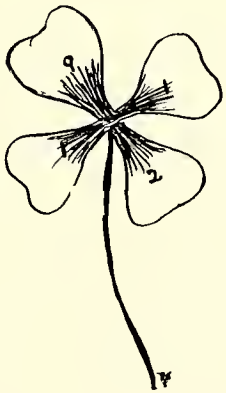
Auf Wiedersehen

A RECORD OF THE YEAR

NINETEEN HUNDRED *and* TWELVE

Statesville College

STATESVILLE, NORTH CAROLINA



VOLUME FOUR 1911-1912

Published by the Class

Rebecca
Stimson

We, the Staff, fondly dedicate

this volume to our

Mothers—

A girl's best friend

Introduction

WE GIVE to you this—our Annual—after many weary days of labor, and sleepless nights of worry. It is not a volume that the great, indifferent world will read and honor, but you, who are interested in the College and her Girls, will receive it into your hearts and homes, and appreciate it for its own true merit.

We have striven hard to give you a well-rounded picture of college life, leaving out those things that are disagreeable, and dwelling on those things that are worthy. We have labored on amidst many discouragements and hardships, and now that our goal is reached, we give one last fond look at our Annual and hand the volume over to you, asking that you remember this—we are only beginners, and, as such, are apt to err. Therefore, soften your harsh criticisms of our work; every great thing must have some small beginning, and we are willing to be the small beginning—that next year's class may be the Great Thing.

LITERARY EDITOR

Contents

The Circle.
"Auf Wiedersehen."
Dedication.
Introduction.
Faculty.
Toast: To Faculty.
Annual Staff.
Our Lady Principal.
Our President.
Class of 1912.
Seniors' Pictures.
Senior Mascot.
Senior Poem.
Senior History.
Senior Prophecy.
Junior Class.
Junior Poem.
Junior History.
Sophomore Class.
Sophomore History.
Freshman Class.
Picture of A. M. A.
Commercial Class.
Student Body Organization.
Calendar of Year's Events.
Phi Mu Society.
Phi Kappa Society.
Y. W. C. A.
Athletics.
"A. T. C."
"The Champions."
"The Winning Six."
"Corœbian."
Faculty Recital.
Christmas Recital.
Liss Clement Recital.
Etude Club.
Glee Club.
Mandolin and Guitar Club.
Rules Reversed.
Jokes.
Hallowe'en Fun.
Thanksgiving.
The Picnickers.
A Burned Supper.
Statistics.
Dreaming.
Last Will and Testament of Senior's.
Venice and the Poets.
Senior Characteristics.
Pet Expressions of Faculty.
The Bell.
"Zwei Lieben Herzen."
"If A Body."
"An Ill Wind That Blows No Good."
Lige's April Fool.
"Turn About Is Fair Play."
Fresh. Reception.
Church Reception.
Annual Reception.
Junior-Senior Banquet.
Concert—Davidson Orchestra.
Staff Entertains Orchestra.
The Staff.
"The Four Innocents."
The Proposal.
The Wedding Trip.
Lost; Found; Wanted.
Ambitions of Staff.
A Lesson in History.
Clubs.
"The Feasters."
"The Kandy Kids."
"The Book-Worms."
Alumnæ.
College Song.
Farewell Song.
Statesville College.
Toast—"Alma Mater."
"The End."
"Ads."

The Faculty

Rev. J. A. Scott, D.D., *President*
Psychology, Bible

Mrs. Lucy W. Scott, *Lady Principal*

Miss Margaret Scott
Bible, Science, Art

Miss Mary Scott, *Director of Music*
Piano, Harmony, Theory

Miss Margaret Boardman
Piano, History of Music

Miss Margaret Williams
Voice, Piano, Pipe-Organ

Miss Grace Stulting
Violin, Mandolin, Guitar, Piano.

Miss Adeline Tirrell
English, French, German

Miss Janie Bishop
Latin, Math.

Miss Lucile Williams
History

Miss Margaret Turner
Primary Department, Expression, Physical Culture

Miss Iris McDougald
Business Department

Miss Belle Waddell
Matron

To the Faculty

At the fountain of knowledge, for one and all,
As our needs their wits divine,
May the wisest thoughts from wise lips fall,
While they pour life's sparkling wine.
Our bounteous pardon we here bestow
For many a day and night,
When to make us toil for future woe
Has seemed their dear delight;
When the world shall judge what they have done,
In the struggle of future years,
May the highest praise greet every one
For wisdom gained through tears.

ANNUAL STAFF

Annual Staff

Editor-in-Chief	Rosa Ratchford
Assistant Editor	Anna Summers
Literary Editor	Martha Taylor
Art Editor	Rebecca Stimson
Society Editor	Liss Clement
Athletic Editor	Helen Wilson
Music Editor	Jane Ervin
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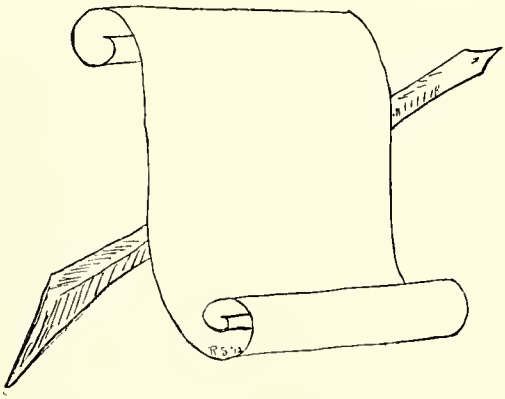
Advertising Manager	Helen Wilson



OUR SENIOR GIRL

Glass of 1912

COLORS: *Green and White.* EMBLEM: *Four-leaf Clover*

MOTTO: *Rowing, Not Drifting.*

CLASS OFFICERS

President.....ROSA RATCHFORD
Vice President.....HELEN WILSON
Secretary.....JANIE MCNEILL
Treasurer.....ESTHER CURRY
Poet.....ANNA SUMMERS
Prophet.....JANE ERVIN
Historian.....LISS CLEMENT

YELL:

"Boom, bah, rah,
Seniors we are!
Booma-nacker, sacka-packa,
1-2, cracker-jacker,
Yip-i-ati-i-ay!"

LISS CLEMENT, *Piano*
Winston-Salem, N. C.

Favorite Expression: "Oh cats!"

"Music is the expression of the soul."

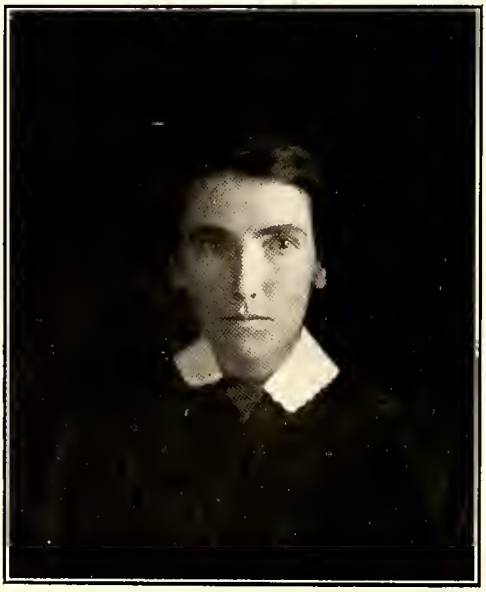
Y. W. C. A. Cabinet one year.
President Etude Club two years.
Society Editor of Annual.
Historian of Class of 1912.

JANE WITHERSPOON ERVIN
Vox, S. C.

Favorite Expression: "Now don't."

"If e'er she had an evil thought,
She spake no evil words."

Secretary Y. W. C. A. one year.
President Y. W. C. A. one year.
Vice-President "Phi Kappa Society."
Secretary "Phi Kappa Society."
Secretary Etude Club.
Secretary Junior Class.
Prophet Senior Class.
Music Editor of Annual.



JANIE MCNEILL
Laurel Hill, N. C.

Favorite Expression: "Don't know."

"She smiles to drive dull care away."

Secretary Y. W. C. A. one year.
Alumnæ Editor of Annual.

ROSA ERNESTINE RATCHFORD
Carlisle, S. C.

Favorite Expression: "Well, honey."

"Purity of mind and conduct is the first glory of woman."

Y. W. C. A. Cabinet three years.
Editor-in-Chief of Annual.
President of Class of 1912.
Vice-President Student Body.
President "Phi Kappa Society."
Vice-President "Phi Kappa Society."
Treasurer "Phi Kappa Society."

ANNA CAMPBELL SUMMERS
Statesville, N. C.

Favorite Expression: "Oh, pshaw!"

"Shadow of annoyance
Never came near thee."

Assistant Editor of Annual.
Foet, Class 1912.

HELEN LENORA WILSON
Sherrill's Ford, N. C.

Favorite Expression: "Now I am tickled."

"Beneath that calm exterior—
There lies a deal of deviltry."

President Student Body.
Vice-President Class 1912.
Advertising Manager of Annual.
Vice-President "Phi Kappa Society."

ESTHER DAVIS CURRY
Climax, Ga.

Favorite Expression: "Oh rats!"

"*Hear me now, for I will speak.*"

Y. W. C. A. Cabinet one year.
Vice-President Junior Class.
Vice-President "Phi Mu Society."
Treasurer Class of 1912.
Treasurer Etude Club.
Business Manager of Annual.

Rosa Parker Steele,
Senior Class Mascot.

Senior Poem

Did ever poet have a theme more rich,
In all the stores wherein great poets delve,
Than I, whose task it is to put in rhyme
The virtues of the Class of Nineteen-twelve?

So haste, fair Muse, inspire my feeble pen,
To write of each a tribute, that will show
The traits and wisdom keen possessed by each,
As on their separate paths of life they go.

The maidens in this worthy class are seven,
The number that has always meant complete.
And, tho' I work and burn the midnight oil,
Not half their wondrous deeds could I repeat.

The one, with whom I now begin my lay,
Is Helen, with a wealth of gold-brown hair,
Most watchful of her dignity is she;
Her lessons, she does always well prepare.

To take a look into her solemn face,
No one would guess what lies beneath its mask,
For Jane is full of wit, and, tho' quite slow,
She does exceeding well her every task.

Most loyal to the clover green, is Rosa,
In stature smallest of the Class of '12,
Bright pictures on the canvas she does place,
And, for the roots of Latin, hard does delve.

Of gentle mien, and words quite few is Janie.
No trouble ever seems to pass her way,
No matter if her tasks be light or heavy—
Her motto ever, "worry does not pay."

In Anna, with her eyes and hair so brown,
Is seen the Statesville member of the Class.
'Tis hard to move her, if she takes a stand,
But marks she makes always beyond a pass.

Most versatile among these maidens rare,
Is Esther, born 'neath Georgia's sunny skies,
A business head she has, and carries high,
And, at her smile, grim care, and trouble flies.

To hear her fingers ripple o'er the keys
Is pleasure rare, no one would care to miss,
For talent, temperament, and winsome ways
Are all combined in our musician, Liss.

Now, farewell Muse, my faithful, constant friend,
Our present task is done, so now we rest.
May fate be kind to all these loyal girls,
With futures glad and bright, may they be blessed.

"POET."

History of Senior Class

THE SENIOR CLASS of 1912, of Statesville College, may be a small class, but you who know us will have to admit that ours is the best class that has ever graduated here. At any rate, *we* think it is.

Statesville Female College is well known throughout both North and South Carolina, so I will not dwell on the history of our College, but upon that of our Class. In the fall of 1907, away down in a little town called Carlisle (somehwere in the boundaries of South Carolina), one of our Seniors heard of Statesville, and came up here to see the College. She liked the place so well that she decided to remain. Indeed, her experience was such a pleasant one, she returned in September, 1908. When winter came, feeling a terrible pain in her right side, she told the girls that she was going home. Our "Rose," better known as "Rat" (suppose I should say Rosa here, as it, sounds more dignified) left us, under the pretense of having that very modern disease—appendicitis. Again, she came back, in 1909, and resumed her studies, after having gotten rid of that miserable old appendix—she really had it, after all.

Last year, she didn't get very homesick, so she stayed with us, and became a Special Senior. Either because she was a most ambitious young miss, or because she loved *some people* in Statesville so well that she just had to return, she came back to us once more, and, this year is taking a B. L. Degree. "Meek and lowly in Spirit," loved by all who know her.

One would think, if he should look at the head of the Senior's table, in the dining hall, that there was a teacher seated there, but not so, it is only Helen—a very wise Senior, who eyes you through her glasses, in divers ways. Our "tall member" made her first appearance at S. F. C. in the fall of 1907. She, too, came back in 1908. In 1909, like Rosa, becoming homesick, she went home, and as she returned with glasses, we naturally supposed that her eyes were weak. She had them treated in Charlotte, and, by the way, ever since, she has been making frequent visits to the "Crescent City." Wonder why?

Helen is working for an A. B. Degree, and, as her every movement is as quick as you could imagine, we are convinced that she will get it, as she does everything else that she attempts. I never hear the expression—"A streak of greased lightning with two horses tied behind it"—but my mind immediately flies to Helen, our tall, smart Senior.

Jane, another one of our A. B.'s, came in 1909, and has always been a great student. I can just imagine her, about five years from now, seated behind a desk, teaching a preparatory class in Math. Whenever one sees her, she is studying, and it is no wonder, for her course is anything but light, and so requires much study.

Both she and Helen labor hard over their "trig" problems, for *some* reason or other they try extra hard to have that lesson well prepared. Jane rather balances matters, for she is as slow as her friend is fast, but she gets there just the same. In about ten years from now, I fancy I can see her as the Professor of Mathematics in some large college. "Slow but sure," she will have reached the top at last. She is a girl with an even temperament, one who is never angry, and one who has, always, a smile for everyone.

Next is Janie, and she and I were "new girls" together, in September, 1909. My! how lonesome we were then, Janie didn't think she could "stick it out," but she is still here, and in her Senior Year, studying for a Bachelor of Science or a Be Swift Degree. She doesn't really know which it is, but I believe it means the former, as she and Jane

are awfully good friends, and we all know what association does for one. She says, though, that she is thankful her name has an "ie" annexed to it, for perhaps there is *some* hope. Janie is a girl who can be depended upon, whether in study or in play; and, whenever she does find out that there is some excitement around, she is pretty soon right there.

Another of our members is Anna, our one day pupil of the class. She joined us in 1910, and, since that time, has been working hard for her B. L., which, she says she is sure to receive, if—she passes on all of her exams. She is always wide-awake to what is going on, and, if her large brown eyes are as wide open five years from now as they are today, I foresee for her a bright future.

Last, but by no means least, is Esther. She came to us last year, and has proved to be a very valuable addition. She is a Special Senior, of especial worth, a very attractive girl, and one who is faithful to every duty—a jolly good fellow." She is unusually fond of music, and some musicians, and takes delight in talking of them.

Dear friends, we have come to a pause in our education, but understand—it is not finished, merely well begun. School mates, we thank you, one and all, for your hearty co-operation with our beloved faculty, who have striven so faithfully to help us build a firm foundation for our life's work, and may we, this class of six, prove ourselves worthy of the good things of this life.

"Then here's to good old S. F. C.
While there are fishes in the brine,
And may she grow and prosper
While the planets roll and shine.
Til the faculty—sons and daughters—
Shal lose their power to please,
May she go her way as happy
As the skipper in the cheese.

HISTORIAN, '12.

Senior Prophecy

IT WAS SIX years after my graduation. I was at my home where I had been teaching, and I fell to thinking of my classmates, and wondering where they all were. My uncle, who was sitting near me, asked me what I was thinking of; and, when I told him, he said, "Why not find out about them? I have been wishing to try my new aeroplane, so we will go and visit them."

After we had prepared for a long journey, we set out. We soon found ourselves over a large city, where we made our first stop, and found that it was Charlotte. We were on our way to the hotel, when my attention was arrested by a sign-board: "Office Dr. Helen L. Wilson." You can imagine my surprise, and my feelings, as I made my way up the steps to this office. A tall, stately looking woman, dressed in a mannish black suit, was sitting at a desk; and, when she turned to see who was coming in, I could not help recognizing the Helen of our girlhood days. After her surprise, at seeing me was over, she told of how she had studied medicine, and now was going to give it up, after having built up a large practice. While she was saying this, she nodded at a photograph that was on her desk. This famous fellow-physician had come along and blown out the flame of her medical ambition.

Leaving Charlotte, we journeyed on until we reached Washington. Here I had almost despaired of meeting any of my classmates. We were walking through the White House grounds, when I heard my own name called. I turned, and saw a richly dressed lady and a tall, handsome man, standing near her. At first I did not recognize her; seeing this, she said: "Don't you remember Liss Clement? " She told me that she was living in Washington, and that her husband was a Secretary on the President's Cabinet. She also told me how she had given up her musical career when she met—to use her characteristic words—"this perfectly irresistible and adorable man."

Leaving Washington, we started South again, and, as we got into North Carolina, something seemed wrong with the aeroplane, and we were obliged to descend. As we reached the ground, we saw cats running in every direction. There were black cats, white cats, yellow cats, spotted cats, and all the other varieties of cats. We found ourselves before a beautiful country home. As it would take some time to fix the aeroplane, we decided to go into the house. A maid met us at the door, and when we asked about the owner of the place, she said politely, "I will call Miss McNeill. She will be glad to see you." When Miss McNeill appeared, I couldn't help recognizing Janie, of days long ago. Before we left, we found that she was a "Florence Nightingale" to all the country around. Her home was a refuge for the poor and the sick.

After remaining here a few days, I decided to visit my Alma Mater. Everything was so changed that we could hardly recognize it. To my surprise, I found Anna Summers among the Faculty. She had the chair of Modern Languages, having studied in Europe. She was so well known as a teacher, and so much sought after, that she had difficulty in deciding just which of the offered positions to accept, but had finally favored old S. F. C.

From here, I decided to go West, and, in Salt Lake City, I found Esther Curry. She had studied law, and now swayed large audiences by her arguments. None of you will be surprised at this, knowing, of old, Esther's forensic gifts. I was anxious to stay over, for a famous trial, in which my classmate was going to figure, but found that I could not wait.

In San Francisco, another surprise awaited me. I was walking along, wondering where Rosa Ratchford, our President, could be, when I noticed that I was near the wharf. There was quite a crowd gathered, to see a large vessel leave. I saw a small figure on the deck, waving to her friends on shore. A tall man was standing by her side, and both of them seemed interested in someone near me. Presently, I heard the "someone" mention the name Rosa Ratchford. The vessel was pushing out to sea, so I had to turn to her friend and ask if it were *really* Rosa, and who was her companion. I was told that the young lady in question was my old classmate, and the gentleman with her was a young physician, to whom she had recently been married.

All things must end, and, finally, my journey was finished, and I had to return home. However, I went back to my work with a glad heart and a willing hand, for Fate had been kind to even me. Kind, in giving me such a pleasant trip; kinder still, in showing me my dear old friends, and their happiness and success in life.

PROPHET, '12.

JUNIOR CLASS

Junior Poem

How this honor fills me with delight
As I sit here, thinking hard, tonight
Of the brilliancy of our Junior Class—
Which last year was not so noted, alas!

You couldn't expect any more of us—
After taking all kinds of torment and fuss
Two years before, when Freshmen green,
And had never inside of a College seen.

To Dr. Scott, the Metaphysics Class is a pleasure,
For he knows its merits will well measure
With any other one having attended this College,
For few are our faults and great is our knowledge.

Next year, we will be Seniors so dignified;
And honored by all classes that abide
In these same walls, we hold so dear,
Where our work was done, without fear.

Now listen comrades, every one—
So that when this degree you've won—
You'll join with us, and shout with zest,
Oh Juniors, Juniors, they are best!

THEO. TERRELL, '13.

COLORS: *Light Blue and Gold.* FLOWER: *Forget-me-not.*

MOTTO: *Not only to do, but to do well.*

OFFICERS

President.....MARY SHOAF
Vice-President.....JOHNSIE RANKIN
Secretary-Treasurer.....MARIE CUNNINGHAM
Poet.....THEO. TERRELL
Historian.....LETHA HAMILTON

CLASS ROLL

Mary Shoaf
Inez Benton
Letha Hamilton
Nellie Steele
Hattie Holland
Esther Jeter
Marguerite Gooch
Bettie Delaney
Alberta Clary

Carrie Mæ Watts
Mary Brumley
Ophelia Wilson
Mary Gray Dew
Roberta Taylor
Theo. Terrell
Edith Gilbert
Frances Fleming
Bernice Efird
Addie McMurray

Martha Taylor
Marie Cunningham
Louise Sherrill
Charlye Tomlin
Mary McLain
Evelyn Shepherd
Edith McLaughlin
Rebecca Stimson
Johnsie Rankin

YELL:

Juniors, Juniors, Zip, Za, Zee!
Leading class of S. F. C.
Blue and gold, sis, boom, bah!
1913—*rah, rah, rah!*

History of Junior Class

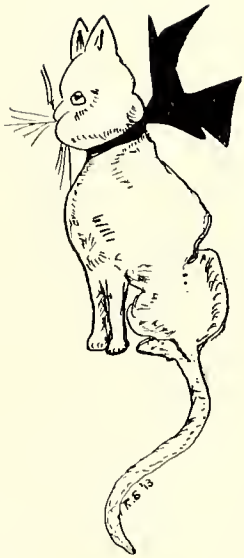
THE HISTORY of the Class of 1913 began in the fall of the year 1909. On the fourteenth day of September, a gay troop—a *green* troop—crossed the campus, and entered the halls of Statesville College for the first time, to be numbered among her students. We were twenty-three in number, and each one of us felt her importance. The greatest event of our Freshman year was the short vacation given us at Christmas. Although the Seniors treated us kindly, and sympathized with those of us who suffered from that dreaded disease known as "Home-Sickness," we were anxious to become Sophomores.

The following September, six of our number were missing, but eleven more joined us, and we twenty-eight girls began our duties as Sophomores. All during the year, "the wonder grew how our small heads could carry all we knew." Having become weary of study, we decided to have, at least, one jolly good time. So, on the first day of April, we went out in the country a few miles, with the intention of spending the day. While we were quietly resting by the roadside, Dr. Scott rode up—to our horror—and told us to return to the College immediately. Alas! all of our joy vanished, and we found, when we reached the College, that the girls who had not run away, had gone to Barium Springs, on a picnic.

As the session drew to its close, we were seized with a desire to become Juniors; and so, on the seventh of September 1911, a crowd of thirty girls met to enlist under the Junior banner. Mary Shoaf became our President; Johnsie Rankin, our Vice-President; and Marie Cunningham, our Secretary and Treasurer. We do not mean to boast of our class, but "Others" have said that it is the most *brilliant* one in school, especially in the study of Haven's Mental Philosophy. One of the principal events of our Junior year was the Annual Reception, which was given on the evening of November the tenth. It was then that we looked our best, and enioyed ourselves most. However, we are not content to stop where we are, but are still pressing on to that coveted goal—Senior Wisdom and Dignity!

LETHA HAMILTON, '13.

SOPHOMORE CLASS



Sophomores

FLOWER: *Hyacinth.* COLORS: *Sky Blue and White.*

MOTTO: "*En route.*"

OFFICERS

President.....PHEBE GARTH
Vice-President.....LILA ORR
Secretary-Treasurer.....SARA STEVENSON
Historian.....LILA ORR

CLASS ROLL

Florence Armfield
Nina Black
Phebe Garth
Ruth Hoover
Ethel Nevins
Lucy W. Alston
Laura McMurray
Lila Orr
Mattie Tate
Sarah McLoud
Sarah Stevenson
Mary Fleming

YELL:

Sophomores, Sophomores, whoop, rah, ree!
Never was a better class at S. F. C. !

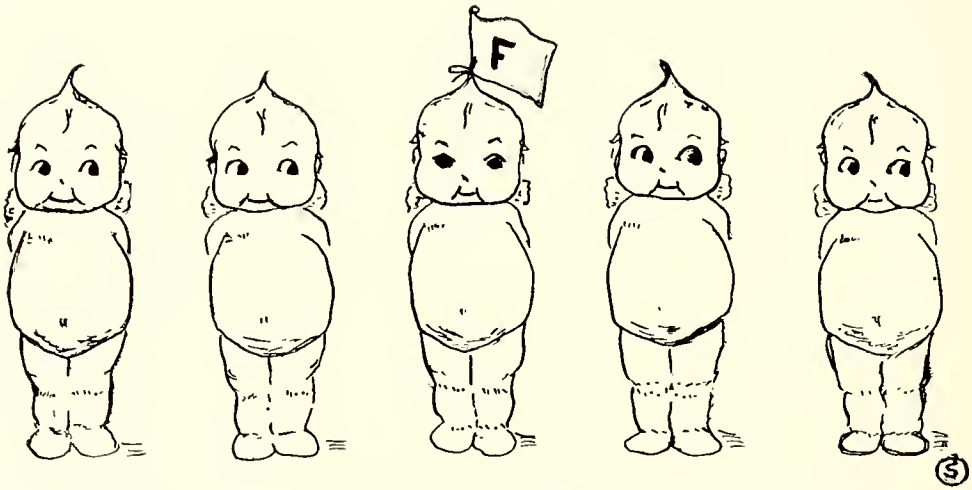
Sophomore Class History

IT WAS early in September, 1910, that the halls of Statesville College were thronged with an attractive crowd of New Girls. Then, they were Freshmen, but were, ere long, to become the promising class of 1914. This class, when it was organized, had twenty members, who soon got down to regular work. The first few days of their straight and narrow journey seemed almost unendurable to those young students, who were not accustomed to such hard lines. However, they made up their minds to accomplish their purpose; and soon found that the pranks of the Sophomores *stimulated* them, the wisdom of the Juniors caused them to wonder, and the kindness and dignity of the Seniors awakened their sleeping ambitions. During the entire session, things ran along smoothly, and, before they were scarcely able to realize it, they had successfully combated and conquered all examinations—many of their number having stolen places on the Honor Roll.

Another September brought the same attractive band back to old S. F. C., but they were no longer Freshmen—they had stepped higher—and were proud to organize once more, but, this time, under the name of Sophomores. With brave hearts and noble minds, they faithfully mastered all the tasks of their second year's work. Then again they bade their old College farewell, until another fall should bring them back, to finish the race they were so eager to run.

LILA ORR, '14.

FRESHMAN CLASS



Wee Little Freshies

COLORS: *Gold and White.* FLOWER: *Daisy.*

MOTTO: *"To reach the heights."*

OFFICERS

President.....MERLE BOOE
Vice President.....LILLIE MAE RHYNE
Secretary-Treasurer.....MERLE SHOAF

CLASS ROLL

Merle Booe	Ruth Saddler	Lina Deal
Merle Shoaf	Ava Brumley	Maud Lawrence
Eloise Mayes	Almenia McNeill	Ollie Belk
Jettie Mayberry	Alice Carson	Minnie Poole
Esther Mayberry	Era Proctor	Beatrice Green
Elvia Rhyne	Amy Heinzerling	Inez Culp
Annie Rhyne	Myrtle Heinzerling	Mabel Hall
Lillie Mae Rhyne	Grace Hill	Annie McFadyen
Hassie Miller	Mary Belle King	Sue Allen
Agnes Springs	Margaret Deal	Gordon Scott

YELL:

Zip, rah-rah, zip rah-ree!
We are the Freshmen of S. F. C.
Zip, rah-rah, zip rah-ree!
S-T-A-T-E-S-V-I-L-L-E !

SUB-FRESH

Eleanor McLoud	Martha McLaughlin
Cordelia Watts	Lois Axley

ALLIE MAE AREY
Doing Post-Graduate Work.

COMMERCIAL CLASS

COLORS: *Blue and White.* FLOWER: *Brown-eyed-Susan.*

MOTTO: *"Hustle and Smile."*

President.....JESSIE KEEFE
Vice-President.....DELLA THOMPSON
Secretary-Treasurer.....CARRIE SOWERS

MEMBERS OF CLASS

Jessie Keefe
Blanche Cowan
Della Thompson
Carrie Sowers
Newtie Deal

Student Body Organization

OFFICERS

President.....HELEN WILSON
Vice-President.....ROSA RATCHFORD
Secretary-Treasurer.....PHEBE GARTH

YELL

Yak-i-ty yak, yak-i-ty yold!
Here's to our maroon and gold.
Yip-i-ty yip, yip-i-ty yee!
Statesville, Statesville, S. F. C.

COMMENCEMENT MARSHALS

EDITH GILBERT, *Chief.*

Mary Shoaf
Inez Betnon
Mary G. Dew
Charlye Tomlin
Esther Jeter
Marguerite Gooch
Bettie Delaney
Frances Fleming

Calendar of Year's Events

September

7. School opens.
8. Old Girls' reunion.
9. Tears begin to flow.
10. Church.
14. Work begins.
15. Free lecture, by President.
18. Much mail. More tears.
20. Fresh. Reception.
23. Rules and Regulations.
26. Tear-ducts are closed.
30. Church Reception.

October

2. Hard work.
3. Class organizations.
4. Annual discussed.
7. Miss Tirrell gets lost.
9. Faculty Recital.
12. Rain.
14. More rain.
16. Uniforms arrive.
22. Winter uniforms worn.
25. Hannibal Williams' Entertainment.
31. Hallowe'en Party.

November

1. Girls skip "gym," and go to picture show.
2. Math.
4. Dr. Scott goes to Synod.
8. Metaphysics Class sent to seats.
10. Annual Reception.
11. Two Davidson boys slip in parlors.
12. Church.
15. Looking forward to Thanksgiving.
18-19-20. Seniors have series of Tests.
23. Thanksgiving. Big dinner.
27. A. Turner calls!
30. Staff gives play.

December

1. Thoughts of Christmas.
4. Baby of Faculty goes autoing with "Uncle Greenlee."
7. Girls study calendar.
10-11-12. Fire-escapes erected.
15. Chapel ceiling falls. Girls terrified.
18. Students' Recital.
21. Home! Home! Home!
24. Boys.
25. Christmas Day. Turkey, etc.
26. More boys.
29. Grand times all around.
31. Old year passes away.

January, 1912.

1. Resolutions made.
2. Resolutions broken.
4. A few of the girls return.
6. Pasmore Trio.
8-15. "Cramming," for exams.
18. Papers returned. Rejoicing and Sorrowing.
23. Davidson Orchestra. Reception, after Concert.
24. Annual and Staff much abused.
27. Pictures made.
29. Everything frozen up.
31. S. B. Miller goes out of business.

February

1. Annual goes to press.
4. Rev. Wilson, from Mooresville, preaches.
5. Vaccination Day.
14. Everybody hit by Cupid.
19. Measuring Party.
20. Seniors "called down."
22. Celebration of Washington's birthday.
27. Essays in progress.

March

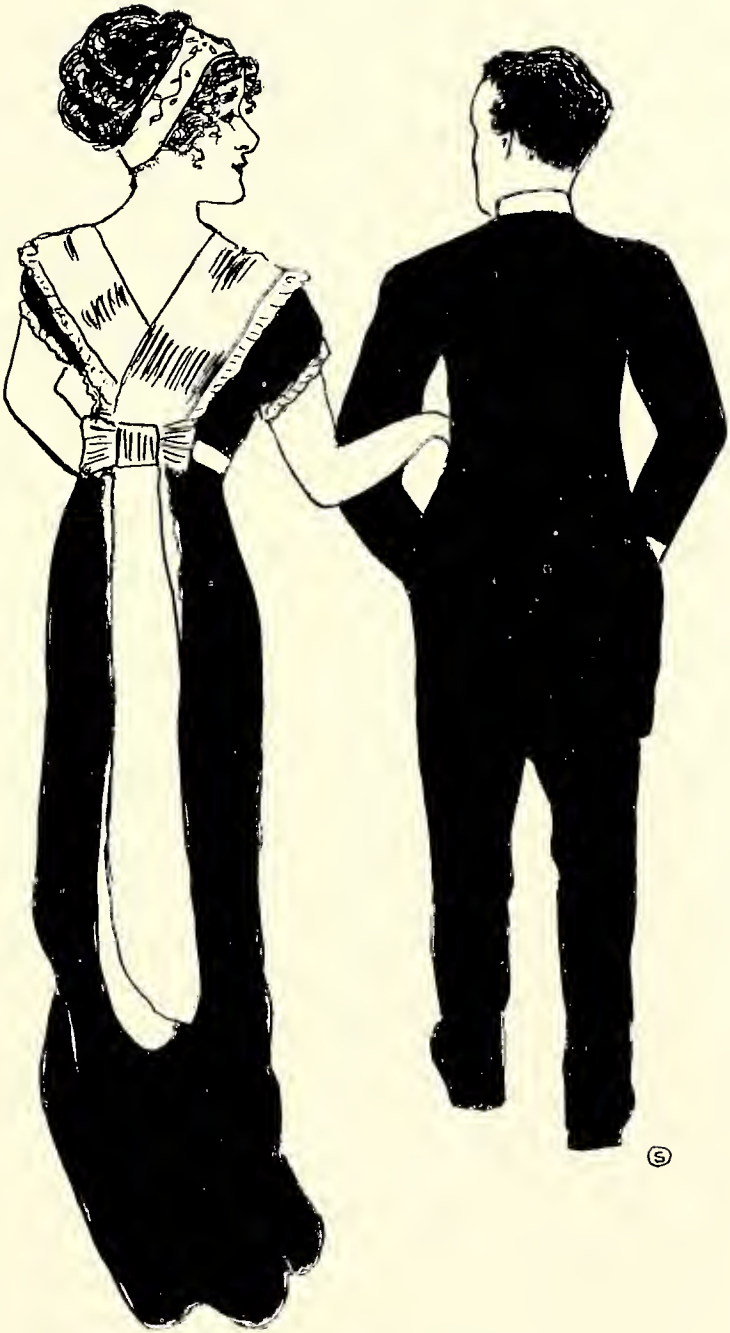
1. Reviews.
2. Sad countenances.
4. Reports sent home.
20. Looking forward to spring uniforms.
23. Trouble in practice rooms.
25. Miss Scott's Recital.
28. Class goes Botanizing.
30. Callers at the College.

April

1. April Fooled Dr. Scott. Miss Boardman's Recital.
2. Mrs. Scott has the floor.
8. Miss M. Williams' and Miss Stulting's Recital.
10. Cinders falling. Girls alarmed!
16. Play given by Staff.
23. Junior-Senior Banquet.
25. Reviews commence, for exams.
26. Liss Clement's Recital. "Freddie" present!

May

1. Commencement invitations arrive.
2. Senior exams.
4. All exams. at their height.
6. Girls pay visits to dress-makers.
8. Senior week.
12. Baccalaureate Sermon.
13. Grand Concert.
14. Class Day Exercises. Commencement Night.
15. "Good-byes! "



"INTRODUCTION TO SOCIETY"

PHI MU LITERARY SOCIETY

Phi Mu Society

MOTTO: *"Non humiles mulier."* COLORS: *Black and Gold.*

OFFICERS

FIRST TERM

President.....JESSIE KEEFE
Vice-President.....MARY SHOAF
Secretary.....MARY G. DEW
Treasurer.....BEATRICE GREEN

SECOND TERM

President.....MARY GRAY DEW
Vice-President.....LETHA HAMILTON
Secretary.....MARY SHOAF
Treasurer.....INEZ BENTON

MEMBERS

Sarah Adams
Inez Benton
Merle Booe
Liss Clement
Esther Curry
Newtie Deal
Letha Hamilton
Jessie Keefe
Sarah McLoud
Lucy W. Alston
Eleanor McLoud
Beatrice Green
Janie McNeall
Lillie M. Rhyne
Johnsie Rankin
Ercel Price
Merle Shoaf
Mary Shoaf
Ruth Saddler
Annie McFadyen
Miss Stulting
Almenia McNeill
Mae Shaw
Roberta Taylor
Theo Terrell
Ruth Hoover
Mary G. Dew
Jettie Mayberry
Eloise Mayes
Martha Taylor

PHI KAPPA LITERARY SOCIETY

Phi Kappa Literary Society

MOTTO: *"To see beauty in all things."* COLORS: *Garnet and Black.*

OFFICERS

FIRST TERM

President.....ROSA RATCHFORD
Vice-President.....HELEN WILSON
Secretary.....JANE ERVIN
Treasurer.....MARY FLEMING

SECOND TERM

President.....MARY FLEMING
Vice-President.....ADDIE MCMURRAY
Secretary.....MARIE CUNNINGHAM
Treasurer.....MAUGUERITE GOOCHE

MEMBERS

Laura McMurray
Annie Rhyne
Edith Gilbert
Elvira Rhyne
Phebe Garth
Agnes Springs
Ethel Nevins
Minnie Poole
Ava Brumley
Addie McMurray
Maud Lawrence
Mabel Hall
Della Thompson
Sarah Stevenson
Rosa Ratchford
Bernice Efird
Mary Fleming
Alice Carson
Alberta Clary
Mary Brumley
Jane Ervin
Esther Mayberry
Marguerite Gooch
Ollie Belk
Marie Cunningham
Mattie Tate
Helen Wilson
Allie Mae Arey
Esther Jeter
Lila Orr
Nina Black
Sue Allen

Y. W. C. A. CABINET

Members of Cabinet

Jane Ervin
Allie Mae Arey
Mary Fleming
Edith Gilbert
Liss Clement
Esther Curry
Mary Shoaf
Rosa Ratchford
Janie McNeill

OFFICERS

FALL TERM

President.....JANIE ERVIN
Vice-President.....MARY FLEMING
Secretary.....JANIE MCNEILL
Treasurer.....ALLIE MAE AREY

SPRING TERM

President.....MARY SHOAF
Vice-President.....MARY FLEMING
Secretary.....ADDIE MCMURRAY
Treasurer.....PHEBE GARTH

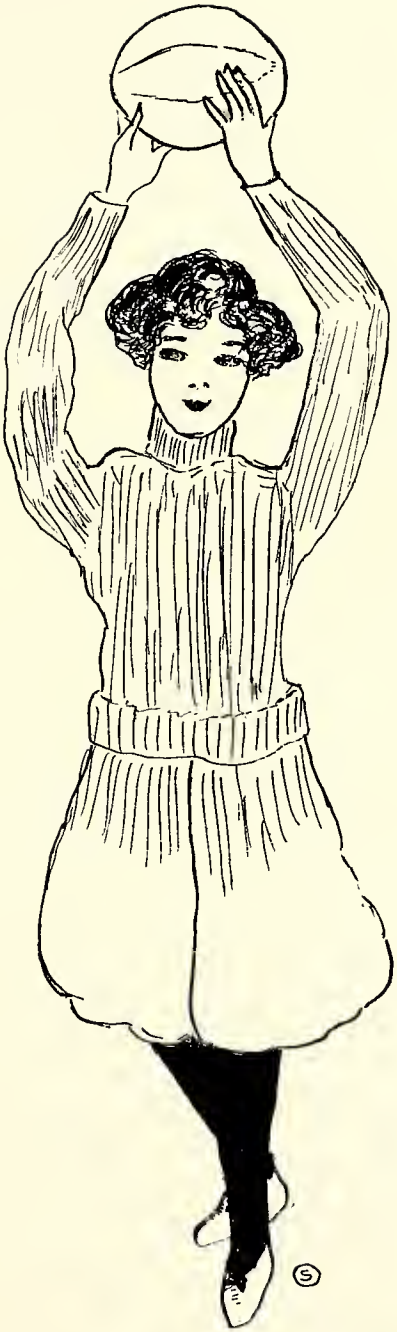
OUR Young Woman's Christian Association has for its object the development of Christian characters among its members, and the promotion of active Christian work, particularly among the young women of this institution. The work is beneficial in social, as well as devotional, missionary, and Bible-study, respects.

Three of our members, Rosa Ratchford, Jessie Keefe, and Edith Gilbert, attended the Summer Conference at Asheville, and brought back to us many new ideas, which proved very helpful to the various committees.

Our Y. W. C. A. gave a large reception to the new girls, in the beginning of the fall term; and, since then, the Social Committee has entertained all of the members at many smaller functions.

We are now looking forward, with much pleasure, to the coming of Miss Crane, the Territorial Secretary. We feel that the Christian work is the most important in our College, and wish for it much success in the coming years.

JANIE MCNEILL, '12.



ATHLETICS

TENNIS CLUB—"*A. T. C.*"

MOTTO: "*Play while the sun shines.*"
COLORS: *Garnet and Buff.*

YELL:

"*Hobble, gobble, rastle tassel—sis boom bah!*
A. T. C.—rah, rah, rah!"

OFFICERS

President.....ESTHER CURRY
Vice-President.....THEO. TERRELL
Secretary-Treasurer.....JESSIE KEEFE

TENNIS CLUB—*"The Champions."*

COLORS: *Light Blue and White.*
MOTTO: *"Be true to your name."*

YELL

"Rickty, rackity—rickity ree!
Champions, Champions, of S. F. C."

President.....JANE ERVIN
Vice-President.....MARGUERITE GOOCHE
Secretary-Treasurer.....MARY FLEMING

"THE WINNING SIX."

COLORS: *Nile Green and Pink.*

YELL

"Rah, rah, rah—rah, rah, rix
Three cheers for the Winning Six!"

MEMBERS

Esther Curry
Ercel Price
Jessie Keefe
Merle Booe
Sarah McLoud
Martha Taylor

"COROEBIAN" BASKET BALL TEAM

COLORS: *Navy Blue and Black.*

YELL

"Rip, ri, rah—rip, ri, ree!
Coroebians—are we!"

MEMBERS

Mary Shoaf	Merle Shoaf
Inez Benton	Jettie Mayberry
Eleanor McLoud	Letha Hamilton
Helen Wilson	Esther Jeter
Ruth Saddler	Mary G. Dew

FACULTY RECITAL

Miss Mary Scott ..... *Pianist*
Miss M. Williams ..... *Contralto*
Miss Stulting ..... *Violinist*
Miss Turner ..... *Reader*
Miss Scott ..... *Accompanist*

PROGRAMME

Violin—Mazurka ..... *Mhynarski*
Reading—The Bear Story ..... *Riley*
Aria—The Life of a Vassal (from Poro. 1731) ..... *Handel*
Piano—Impromptu, Op 90, No. 4 ..... *Schubert*
Reading—"As you Like It." (Act 4, Scene 1.) ..... *Shakespeare*
Piano—American Group, a. To a Wild Rose ..... *MacDowell*
b. To a Water-lily ..... *MacDowell*
c. Minuet l'Antico ..... *Seeboeck*
d. An Oriental Scene ..... *Orth*
Violin—a. Adagio, Op. 15, No. 5.
b. La Cinquantaine ..... *Gabriel-Marie*
Songs— a. Who is Sylvia? ..... *Schubert*
b. Sunset ..... *Dudley Buck*
c. Let me Love Thee ..... *Arditi*

Christmas Recital

By the Students of Statesville College

December 18th, 1911

PROGRAMME

PART I

Chorus—a. "Now Let us Make the Welkin Ring," *Hattore*
b. "The Happy Miller"..... *Veagie*
Glee Club.

Piano Sextette—"Ballata Bizzaria"..... *Pag Noncelli*
Miss Charlye Tomlin — Miss Ruth Sadler
Miss Cordelia Watts — Miss Ethel Nevins
Miss Florence Armfield — Miss Bernice Efird

Violin Solo—"A Twilight Idyl"..... *Schnecker*
Miss Mauguerite Gooch

Piano Trio—"Girard Garotta"..... *Fondey*
Miss Mattie Tate — Miss Della Thompson — Miss Delaney

Reading—a. "The Night Wind"..... *Eugene Field*
b. "Smack in School"
Miss Janie McNeill

Piano Duo—"Les Muscadins"..... *Wachs*
Miss Roberta Taylor — Miss Sarah McLoud

Piano Solo—"Murmuring Breezes"..... *Jensen-Nieman*
Miss Phoebe Garth

Piano Quartet—"Impromptu a la Hongroise"..... *Lacombe*
Miss Frances Fleming — Miss Mary Fleming
Miss Sarah Stevenson — Miss Helen Wilson

PART II

Piano Quartet—"Caliph of Bagdad"..... *Boildien*
Miss Jessie Keefe — Miss Letha Hamilton
Miss Jane Ervin — Miss Johnsie Rankin

Reading—"The Ruggles," (from the Christmas Carol)
Kate Douglas Wiggins
Miss Mary Shoaf

Violin Duo.—"The Mill in Black Forest"..... *Eilenberg*
Master Lessesne Allison — Miss Dorothy Gill

Songs—a. "I'd Fly With Thee"..... *Tosti*
b. "Without Thee"..... *D'Hardelot*
Miss Jessie Keefe

Piano Duo.—"Minuett"..... *Mozart*
Miss Ruth Hoover — Miss Audrey Farrior

Piano Solo—"March Winds"..... *MacDowell*
Miss Annabelle Mills

Piano Quartet—"Tourbillon, Grande Valse..... *Mattei*
Miss Liss Clement — Miss Martha Taylor
Miss Esther Currie — Miss Mirian Yount

Chorus—"With the Stream"..... *Tours*
Glee Club.

Graduation Recital of Miss Clement, Pianist

Assisted by Jessie Keefe, Soprano

April 26, 1912

PROGRAMME

Fantasie—C Minor ..... *Mozart*
- Adagio.
- Allegro.
- Andantion.
- Pin Allegro.
- Adagio.

Spring Faith ..... *Franz Ries*

Gavotte in D Minor (English Suite) ..... *Bach*
Fantasie ..... *Mayo*
Papillons No. 2 ..... *Schiitt*

Marie ..... *Robert Franz*
The Vain Suit ..... *Brahms*
The Resolve ..... *Fontenailles*

Liebestraume ..... *Liszt*
Warum? ..... *Schumann*
Hungarian Dance No. 6 ..... *Brahms*

Concerto in G Minor ..... *Mendelssohn*
Presto.
Multo Allegro a Vivace.
(Orchestral parts on second piano.)

GLEE CLUB

MEMBERS

Mary Fleming
Merle Booe
Sarah McLoud
Roberta Taylor
Letha Hamilton
Ruth Saddler
Jessie Keefe
Merle Shoaf
Addie McMurray
Ercel Price
Esther Curry
Mabel Hall

ETUDE MUSIC CLUB

Etude Music Club

COLORS: *Nile Green and White.* FLOWER: *Chrysanthemum.*

MOTTO: *"B natural, B sharp, but never B flat."*

OFFICERS

FIRST TERM

President.....LISS CLEMENT
Vice-President.....MARY FLEMING
Secretary-Treasurer.....ESTHER CURRY

SECOND TERM

President.....MARIE CUNNINGHAM
Vice-President.....JESSIE KEEFE
Secretary.....ERCEL PRICE
Treasurer.....JANE ERVIN

MEMBERS

Ollie Belk
Miss Boardman
Merle Booe
Marie Cunningham
Inez Culp
Liss Clement
Esther Curry
Bettie Delaney
Jane Ervin
Bernice Efird
Miss Stulting
Mae Shaw
Merle Shoaf
Ruth Saddler
Agnes Springs
Mary Fleming
Phebe Garth
Letha Hamilton
Ruth Hoover
Mabel Hall
Esther Jeter
Jessie Keefe
Sarah McLoud
Eleanor McLoud
Almenia McNeill
Roberta Taylor
Theo Terrell
Della Thompson
Miss M. Williams
Helen Wilson
Esther Mayberry
Jettie Mayberry
Ethel Nevins
Lila Orr
Ercel Price
Rosa Ratchford
Lillie Mae Rhyne
Elvira Rhyne
Johnsie Rankin
Miss Scott
Mattie Tate
Addie McMurray
Beatrice Green
Sarah Stevenson
Martha Taylor

MANDOLIN AND GUITAR CLUB

Mandolin and Guitar Club

COLORS: *Gold and White.* FLOWER: *Narcissus.*

MOTTO: "*Keep in tune.*"

MEMBERS

MISS STULTING, *Director.*

Marguerite Gooch
Mattie Tate
Jane Ervin
Dorothy Gill
Esther Jeter
Ercel Price
Janie McNeill
Bernice Efird
Allie Mae Arey
Jessie Keefe
Mary G. Dew
Lessesne Allison

Rules Reversed

1. Students are required to be as noisy as possible at all times.

2. Rooms must not be kept in order. A servant will do all *necessary* cleaning.

3. Meals will be served in rooms when inconvenient for Young Ladies to be present in the dining room.

4. All trash must be thrown out of the windows.

5. Girls are required to spend all vacant periods up town.

6. Those who are not able to attend school must lounge in the parlors.

7. Boarders are required to have callers every evening from eight to twelve.

8. Young Ladies must not heed the ringing of the bells.

9. Students are not required to be in their rooms after nine-thirty p. m.

10. Young Ladies must not be courteous to members of the Faculty, nor must they be obedient to them, even in the exercise of their rightful authority.

11. When the ten p. m. bell rings, all lights must be turned on, and as much noise as possible prevail throughout the buildings.

12. Students must take long rambles after twilight, no chaperons allowed.

13. All food left on tables, after meals, must be taken to their rooms by the Girls.

14. When leaving, or entering, the buildings, boarders are required to use the fire-escapes.

15. Teachers must not leave their rooms after nine-thirty p. m. Girls will please report any failure to conform to this rule.

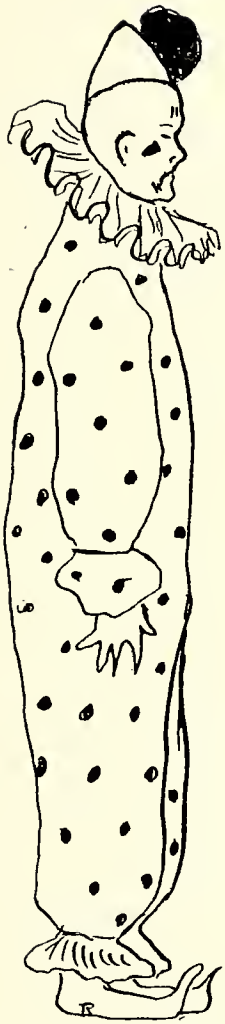
16. Young Ladies are requested to make as many bills as possible, up town.

17. Any Girl who makes an average of *below* ninety-five will be mentioned on the Honor Roll.

18. No Student must have over three studies a day.

19. No Girl is allowed to wear her uniform off of the campus.

(Signed) J. A. Scott.



Why Frown?

Senior—"My father wrote to commend me for passing on my exams."

Fresh.—"Mine *condemned* me, too."

Junior to Dr. Scott—"May we go out on the campus, to see the circus parade?"

Doctor's reply—"I do not wish you to expose yourselves to the cold, just for the purpose of seeing the vanishing end of nothing."

Sarah to Bert—"Say! where are the fire *distinguishers?*"

Eleanor—"Where is the Jordan River?"

Bert—"Somewhere in Africa."

Martha to Eleanor—"Have you read the Last Will and Testament of the Senior Class?"

Eleanor—"No, what's the plot of it?"

Bert to Sarah—"Where do you suppose we could get some milk for the candy?"

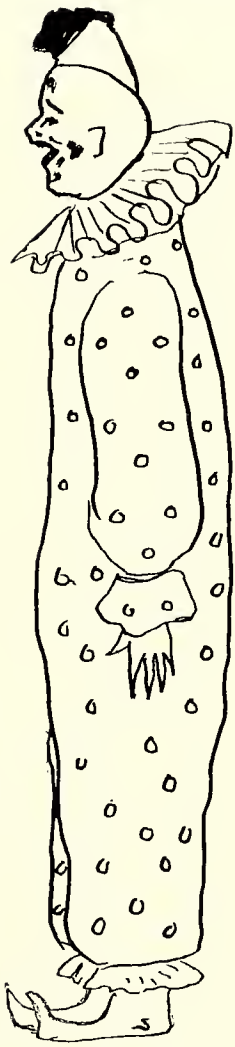
Sarah (unconcerned)—"Very probably from the cow."

Agnes S. (translating Latin)—"That mountain."

Teacher—"Agnes, it's plural number. Translate it plural."

Agnes (triumphantly)—"This mountains."

Merle Booe, looking at pictures of air-ships, came to one of a bi-plane, and remarked to her room-mate: "Say, Martha, this one is a *biped*, ain't it?"



Merle B. to Martha (upon entering their room in the dark)—"You go first, 'twould be a mighty mean man that would hit a little woman like you."

Theo, one cold day, found a warm looking pair of black gloves lying on her table, and wore then out walking that evening. The following Monday she was horrified, when her "wash-woman" appeared on the scene, with these words: "Mis Theo, did I leave my gloves over here, last week?"

Mary G. Dew—"Miss Boardman said she was going to take us to the Cafe, some evening."

Marie—"O, won't that be grand! But what do you supose the *tickets* will cost?"

Hallowe'en Fun

IT WAS the night of the 28th of October, in the year nineteen-hundred and eleven, when the girls of old S. F. C. experienced a delightful surprise. On their plates, at the supper table, they found small yellow cards, cut in the shape of pumpkins, and bearing the words:

"The spooks hold their revel Saturday night.
You'll learn your fortune, honor bright,
If to the library you take your flight.
There spooks and witches will all unite
To reveal the future to you, aright."

The girls most heartily accepted this invitation, and when to the library they did take their flight, one would have thought that they themselves were the spooks, for each one was draped in a great, white robe, so that nothing but her eyes could be seen.

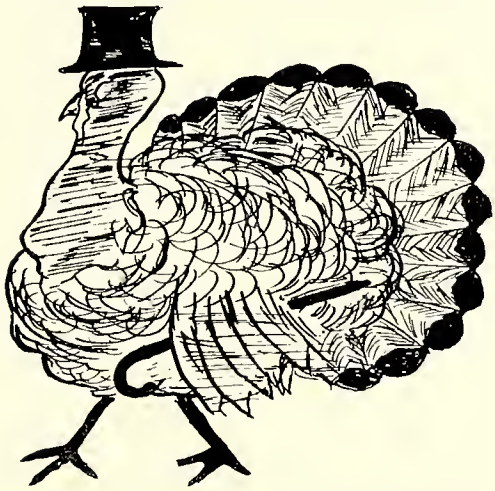
The library was attractively decorated with autumn leaves, and softly lighted by numberless small candles. In one corner of the room, the most important of the witches had pitched her tent, within which she sat, on a low stool. This old, uncanny creature had certainly collected her wits for the occasion, and was patiently waiting to reveal the future to the fair, young guests. However, this witch was not the only fortune-teller, present, there were hosts of others, all around the room.

When the great clock marked the hour of nine, all the spooks had assembled, and were groaning and howling, as if in deepest agony—the festivities then commenced in earnest. The spooks, of course, were the white clad maidens, who, after being identified, laid aside their masks and robes. The jolly moment came—their fortunes were all told. Some, by their new intelligence, were made sorrowful, while others were delighted and aroused by awakening ambitions.

After the fortune-telling was over, the girls sat down, in the form of a crescent, on the floor, and then it was that they discovered who the witches were, for they too laid aside their disguises, and were no longer spirits, but the *teachers!* And those teachers because they had once been school girls, and knew—as only school girls can know—the misfortune of possessing a keen appetite, served the most delicious refreshments, in a sweet and simple way, entirely their own. By this time the candles had all burned low, and the room was quite dark. Finally, after the telling of some exciting ghost-tales, the big bell rang, and the girls could be seen hurrying in all directions, never daring to look behind, fearing that perhaps they *might* be pursued.

MERLE SHOAF, '15.

Thanksgiving at S. F. C.



ONE of the greatest Thanksgiving Days, that have ever occured in the annals of S. F. C., was on Thursday, November the 30th, nineteen-hundred and eleven. We had all looked forward to that day as one of the brightest in our lives, a day to be remembered by every girl in school. We rose early in the morning, so as to complete our plans for the day. Of course, we all went to church at eleven o'clock, where we heard a very instructive sermon. After we came back, we read novels, and amused ourselves in various other ways, until we were admitted to the spacious dining hall. There we were seated before every good thing imaginable, and we felt that our greatest wish was gratified. It was a five-course dinner, and one never to be forgotten by anyone who partook of its bounty. Every girl ate to her heart's content, and many of us didn't stop there.

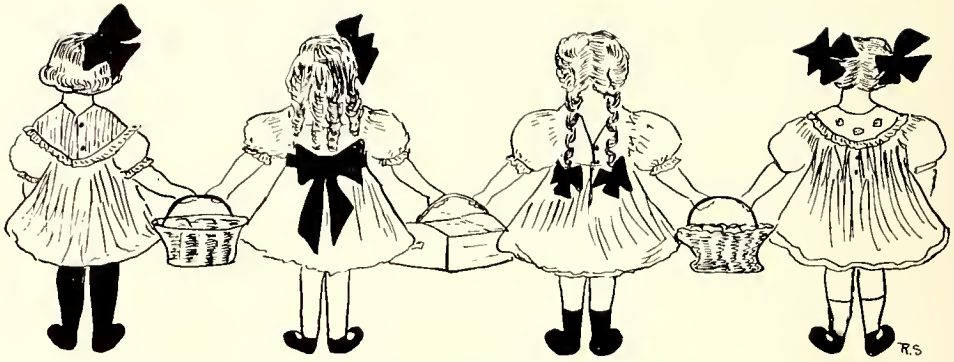
That afternoon, we had all planned to make good use of our privileges, because, on that day, we were allowed to go beyond the College limits, without a teacher, or other august chaperon; and we girls have an idea that we are enjoying life to its greatest extent, if freedom is granted us along this line.

Some of us went home to spend our brief vacation, but, of those of us who remained here, some took pleasure trips in automobiles, some in buggies, while others preferred long jaunts out into the country, where they could have picnics, and enjoy nature.

We had to be very careful in our strolls, not to wander too far away from the College, because there was the possibility of our becoming lost, and not being able to return before night could overtake us. When seven p. m. came, we were happy, every one, because we did not have to go to study-hall, that most dreaded of evil(!) places. That night, there were many more feasts, and I think we were all glad when the light-bell rang, so that once more we could rest our weary bodies.

We were not so happy on the morning of "the day after," for we had to resume our tiresome tasks, and work hard until our next holiday, which would be Christmas. We looked forward to Christmas with far greater anticipation than we had to Thanksgiving; for then we would see our dear old homes again, and, not only our homes, but our relatives and friends, from whom we had been absent for four long months. And so, amid the monotony of school routine, our holidays will live long in our memories, as bright epochs in dull study time.

INEZ BENTON, '13.



THE PICKNICKERS

Just listen, my friends, and you shall hear
Of a jaunt that took place in the fall of the year.
'Twas October the ninth, when the leaves were red,
And the autumn sky was gray over head;
That nine gay maidens, red-sweater clad,
With kodaks, and pennants, and lunches they had,
Set out for a picnic at Wallaces' Springs,
Where, down 'neath a hill, a little stream sings.

Oh, who can tell of the joy that they found
In gathering golden-rod a growing around,
In heaping up leaves for the flickering fire,
And in coaxing the flames up higher and higher?
In boiling the eggs in an old dipper-tin,
And in cutting the sandwiches dainty and thin?
But then when the feast in its splendor was spread
And all was made ready—no more need be said!

Then, down the hill ran the joyous throng
To find the little stream that runs merrily along.
They waded, and splashed, and laughed in glee,
And all were as happy as girls could be.
And what did it matter, that 'ere they returned
To the spot where the bright little fire had burned?
Some mischievous boys carried the lunches away.
I think that they too, had a picnic that day.

Then in games and in talking the evening was spent,
And homeward at last the frolickers went.
For their hearts were all light, and their lunch baskets too,
And often they rested, as tired girls do.
They reached the old College as the twilight crept in
And many were the questions of, "Where've you been?"
The picknickers answered, as they went on their way,
"We've had the best kind of a picnic to-day."

ALLIE MAE AREY.

A Burned Supper

THE LARGE front bed room of the Graham's new home, was in terrible confusion. Geraldine Tremont had just arrived, for a few week's visit to her older sister, Rebekah—usually called "Peg"—who had recently married a handsome college graduate, Harold Graham.

Geraldine and Peg were doing their best to unpack the trunk, and put away some of the younger sister's clothes, but it was hard, indeed, to keep at work when there was so much to tell. So, the two sat in the center of a large bed, surrounded by party dresses, shoes, and clothing of every description. A pretty picture it was—Peg, a small, slight being, with snapping brown eyes, and loads of dark, wavy hair; Geraldine, a tall, slender girl, with golden hair, and deep blue eyes. Just now, her golden hair was tumbled, and a faint pink tinted her cheeks.

In looking over the pile of dresses, Peg came across a pale blue chiffon. "What a dear," she said, stroking the soft, shimmering mass, "when did you get this?" Geraldine looked up. "Oh, I wrote you about the Easter hop. I had it for that, and Peg, I met the grandest out-of-town fellow that night, Dick Leonard was his name. We were together quite a bit that Spring, but we had a little "tiff." When he left, he wrote several letters, to which I paid no attention, so he finally stopped writing. I cared, but—"The conservation, at this point, was interrupted by a loud knock on the door.

"Come in!" called the two, and Aunt Chloe, the one servant, entered the room, a woe-begone expression on her coal-black face. The girls looked at each other with twinkling eyes, but neither dared speak, for fear of laughing, because Aunt Chloe certainly was odd looking.

Finally, the darkey rolled her eye-balls in every direction, and began in a shaky voice. "Miss Bekkah, I shoah is sorry fo' you unses, an likewise I's sorry foah maself, cuz I's bound to leave dis heah place, an go to ma poah sistah; she got two sick chilluns, down wid de measles. She stopped, quite out of breath, and began mopping her face with a huge red bandanna handkerchief. "Chloe!" cried Peg, "must you leave us, and Geraldine has just come?" But, as the old woman's expression did not change, she quickly added: "I'm mighty sorry, Auntie, but I suppose you must go. We'll manage to get along somehow."

"Now, Geraldine," she continued, "the only thing for us to do is to get busy, at once, and cook some supper, for, I know, poor Harold will be fearfully hungry." Geraldine, who knew right much about the culinary art, thought it would be a huge lark, so she gaily followed Peg, downstairs.

They had some trouble getting Aunt Chloe safely off, but when she finally closed the door, the two girls sat down to plan the supper. When they had decided on a light meal, the 'phone bell rang, and Geraldine, laughing, hurried to answer it. In a few minutes, she came running back, a look of consternation on her young face. "Peg, she groaned, "it was Harold, and he is going to bring a friend home to supper. What shall we do?"

"I'm sure I don't know, dearie, just do our best, and trust to luck for the rest. Between us, we can get something ready. Let me see, it's now five o'clock, and Harold usually comes at seven. Chloe said that there were rolls and cake in the bread box, so we'll see what we can fix; and, I hope, the friend will understand.

They went out into the kitchen, and looked around. Peg lit the gas, and put some

things on to cook, then 'phoned for more supplies, while Geraldine made a brave effort to set the table. It seemed as if the 'phone and the door-bell tried themselves, to see which could make the most noise; and, by the time the girls had things nicely started, it was after six. Besides being very hot and tired, they had both burned their hands in many places, which sad fact did not add to their cheerfulness, very much.

"Peg," called Geraldine, from the dining room, where she was filling the glasses, "you go right upstairs, and dress, because, you know, there must be someone ready when they get here. I can finish the dinner, then dress in a few minutes, and come down later. Besides, you are really the hostess." So, after much persuasion, Peg consented to this arrangement, and hurried off, leaving instructions for her sister to be careful. Geraldine went into the kitchen, where she found everything, on the stove, either boiling over or trying to scorch. The meat was too brown, and, hunt as she would, she could not find the salt. The time flew, how fast she did not realize.

Peg in the meanwhile, was dressing as fast as possible, wondering all the time why Geraldine didn't come upstairs. Just as she was ready to give the finishing touches to her hair, the front door slammed, and she heard her husband. With Harold, there was a handsome fellow, who had a gay, care-free expression, which won a point in Peg's heart.

"This is my wife, Dick," the host said, "and Peg, this is Dick Leonard." At the sound of that name, the woman grew thoughtful—"Dick, Dick Leonard, a tall and handsome fellow? Surely, this couldn't be Geraldine's Mr. Leonard, the one she had met at the Easter hop? No, it was impossible, and so she let the supposition slip from her mind.

This thought flashed over her: "So far, so good; but what is Geraldine to do? She can't leave the supper on the stove, while she goes upstairs to dress, neither can I leave the company to go and help her. Mr. Leonard looks like a man who would understand such predicaments, and pass over them as jokes. I may as well explain the whole matter." And she did.

They never noticed how Dick Leonard started at the mention of Geraldine Tremont's name. They only noticed that he excused himself, very suddenly, on the plea of a cigarette, from his overcoat pocket. But Dick had hurried out to the kitchen, where he found poor Geraldine flushed, but, none the less, pretty, and in a sea of trouble. She, evidently, knew nothing of their arrival; and, certainly, knew nothing of his immediate presence, until he spoke.

"Well, little girl, how long must I stand here before you will speak to me? "

Geraldine looked up, startled—"You? " she cried, and drew back, covering her face with her hands. But, almost immediately, she uncovered her face, and came forward, stretching her burned hands toward him, in welcome. He grasped them both, in his large, strong ones.

"I see it's no use," she said, "but when, and how did you get here? And why did you come out, and spoil it all? "

"I didn't mean to spoil your plans," he answered, "but I just couldn't stay away, after your sister told me you were here. To think that I should see you again, and in such an unexpected way! Geraldine, why won't you accept my love? "

Harold and Peg, just reaching the doorway, unseen, gave each other an enquiring glance, then silently stole away. Geraldine looked up into her lover's face, which shone with a new light, then, child-like, she rested her head on his shoulder, with a deep sigh of contentment.

The supper, on the stove, burned to ashes, but Dick had Geraldine, and Geraldine had Dick. What mattered supper to them?

SARAH MCLOUD, '14.

Who's Who in S. F. C.

Prettiest Girl.....SARAH MCLOUD
Wittiest.....LILA ORR
Prettiest Eyes.....LILA ORR
Jolliest Girl.....JOHNSIE SHELTON
Smallest.....JOHNSIE SHELTON, LOIS AXLEY
Biggest Talker.....JOHNSIE SHELTON, MERLE SHOAF
Biggest Giggler.....REBEKAH MILLER
Most Stylish.....REBEKAH MILLER
Most Attractive.....REBEKAH MILLER
Sweetest.....JESSIE KEEFE
Most Popular.....JESSIE KEEFE
Most Musical.....JESSE KEEFE
Most Talented.....JESSIE KEEFE
Most Original.....MARY SHOAF
Most Dignified.....PHEBE GARTH
Most Melancholy.....ERA PROCTOR
Biggest Flirt.....ESTHER JETER
Gentlest.....ROSA RATCHFORD
Most Influential.....ROSA RATCHFORD
Most Studious.....EDITH GILBERT
Most Conceited.....EDITH GILBERT
Prettiest Hair.....HELEN WILSON
Best Basket-ball Player.....HELEN WILSON
Best All-round Girl.....ERCEL PRICE
Stoutest.....MARIE CUNNINGHAM
Slimmest.....ROBERTA TAYLOR
Tallest.....SARAH STEVENSON
Cutest.....THEO TERRELL
Most Graceful.....FRANCES FLEMING
Neatest.....CARRIE MAE WATTS
Slowest.....JANE ERVIN
Best Artist.....REBECCA STIMSON
Best Tennis Player.....ESTHER CURRY
Most Practical.....ESTHER CURRY

Dreaming

AFTER returning from a chafing-dish party, where I had passed the hour with great enjoyment, I went into my silent room expecting a good nights' rest; but, owing to our success in making the welsh-rarebit, and to my excess in eating it, I was unable to sleep for awhile. My rest was further broken by the howling of dogs, and the whistling of the winds. But, gradually I sank down, down into the dark country where that famous beast of the equine species stood by me, and traveled with me, until time and space had vanished, and I seemed to exist as a disembodied spirit.

Untold centuries had passed, when I found myself standing once more on the familiar old campus of S. F. C. Nearby, was one of my College friends, Sara Stephenson, whom I recognized at once. As I stood and surveyed the old grounds, I saw a magnificent marble building, and some smaller ones of stone, erected on the selfsame hill. Turning to my friend, I said: "What is the purpose of that great heaven-bound edifice?" And, when she answered, "That is the new College," I was struck with consternation, and exclaimed: "How changed!"

While we stood there conversing, a bell began to ring, and once again I asked: "What is that? It cannot be the chapel bell; for, I see no students." But, suddenly, I heard a roaring over-head, and looking up, I was again astonished—people were rushing down, in their space-ships, from *Mars!* seeking the knowledge, which the most learned professors of this great institution had made famous even in that far-away world.

I inquired further, of my old chum, as to the methods employed in teaching. She explained; and, by that time, I would not have been surprised had I seen people flocking down from all the other planets of the universe. So clearly was the desired knowledge stamped upon the young minds, that even a wayfaring man, though a fool, need not err in receiving it. Instead of forcing the poor girls to study so hard, they had brought into existence a new method, which was destined to prove a success. This involved the use of electricity, for transferring the knowledge of the books into the minds of the pupils. And, although this process was a little painful, it was a great factor towards making this institution an ideal Woman's College.

The teachers had also changed their mode of rule. Restrictions were no longer imposed upon the girls, but they were implicitly trusted. Thus, they could go up-town, or anywhere else, at any time they desired, and—without a chaperone. Why! a famous professor of psychology had discovered an Elixir of Honor. And, by giving each girl a dose of this preparation, when she entered College, she was rendered trustworthy for the entire session, and could walk the streets of Statesville without winking an eye.

The food, at this wonderful place, was to be obtained by pressing an electric button; which, when done, would cause to appear any dish desired, and at any hour of the day or night. Each room was amply supplied with these marvelous and convenient press-buttons.

As I stood gazing upon these wonderful buildings, I saw, behind them, a weather-beaten structure, and many people working therein. A great crowd had assembled, and I turned to a by-stander to ask the cause of this excitement. He quickly replied that excavations were being made, and that several old manuscripts had just been found.

That very night, it was announced throughout the city that Professor Boabdil Sanrian, from Mars, would lecture at eight o'clock, upon the manuscripts which he had recently been deciphering. So, my friend and I decided to attend. We were ushered into a brilliantly lighted hall, where intellectual girls, with high foreheads, were taking notes on the lecture of Professor Sanrian. Part of which folows:

"Students of Statesville College, and others who are present: These are very valuable papers, representing the literature of past centuries. They are the Graduating Essays of the Class of 1912, away back in the ages when the Republic of the World was divided into small kingdoms, of which the United States was a petty principality."

"The authors of these masterpieces lived about the time of Roosevelt, Taft, Perry, and Bryan, and were very popular writers of their day. So that, these manuscripts, no doubt, when looked into more thoroughly, will give us much enlightenment upon the manners and customs of that ancient time, and will be handed down to posterity, as authentic history."

"This," he continued, gingerly picking up a musty, wormy-looking old volume, was once known as the Annual of Statesville College of 1912. At the time of its publication, it was considered the most brilliant magazine in America, and ran through so many editions, and had so wide a circulation, that it was said many business men of Statesville became rich, from their increase of patronage, due, directly, to advertising in its columns."

At this point, a fire-bell began to ring, and I joined in the mad rush of the crowd for the door. The next thing I heard was the voice of my bed-fellow: "Do wake up, Bettie, and, for the love of peace, don't go to any more chafing-dish suppers. You have almost suceeded in landing me on the floor."

BETTIE DELANEY, '15.

Last Will and Testament of Senior Class

WE, the various members of the Senior Class, being extraordinarily sound in mind, thought, after exams, somewhat weakened in body, do hereby bequeath to our beloved Juniors—as a recompense for their appreciation of our many mental gifts—our exalted characters, and lofty virtues, the following articles of value: to-wit, the dignity of our much esteemed Helen Wilson we do give and bequeath to Theo Terrell, for her to have and to hold, now and hereafter. Our musical prodigy, Liss Clement, doth hereby bestow Bach's "Inventions" upon the coming College musician, Martha Taylor, for her to make use of in her daily practice, until that day when she shall surpass Bach himself with her own compositions.

The lack of speed in all her movements, our slow but sure Jane Ervin, doth donate to the tongue velocity of Roberta Taylor. Our Esther Curry doth hereby devise and bequeath her slumber stolen moments, between the rising-bell and breakfast, to Esther Jeter, for her to make use of on those mornings when she feels least inclined to study. Our Janie McNeill consigns and hands over the College bell to Inez Benton, for her to ring from the Tower and summons the postman, with her daily expected letter. We, the Seniors, also bequeath to the said Inez Benton the four-hundred College cats, that shall howl, next year, beneath her windows.

Anna Summers, who makes our ranks eloquent with her power of expression, bestows her exercises in voice culture to Alberta Clary, and her aspirations to be a Sara Bernhardt to Mary Shoaf. Rosa Ratchford willingly hands over her office as President of the Senior Class, and all obligations connected therewith, to Letha Hamilton.

We, as a Class entire, give our reserved seats at the table, and our license to laugh or be noisy at said table, to Mary Gray Dew, Addie McMurray, Johnsie Rankin, Mary Brumley, Marguerite Gooch, and Marie Cunningham. We, as a body, do bequeath our business difficulties of the Annual to the Junior day pupils.

Signed on this eighteenth day of January, 1912, by—

ROSA RATCHFORD,
HELEN WILSON,
ESTHER CURRY,
JANIE MCNEILL,
LISS CLEMENT,
ANNA SUMMERS,
JANE ERVIN.

WITNESSED BY

"ZEB" VANCE LONG, JR.
"SKIDDOO" SCOTT.
THE FRESHMAN WHO WAS LISTENING AT THE KEYHOLE.

Venice and The Poets

IN THE north-eastern part of Italy lies Venice, the Child of the Sea. This city, which is situated on one-hundred and twenty small islands, in the lagoon between the mouths of the Piave and the Po Rivers, was settled by some refugees in the fifth century. At first, it consisted of a number of little villages; which, about three centuries later, united and called themselves Venice. At the same time, they elected a ruler upon whom they bestowed the title of Duke, or Doge, a name that was destined to become renowned. Browning, in one of his poems, refers to the old Doges, and to a custom they had of dropping a ring into the sea each year, as a token of their ownership of the waters, and their power over them. He says:

"What! they lived once thus at Venice where the merchants were the kings,
Where St. Mark's is, where the Doges used to wed the Sea with rings."

Venice, as we know it today, is one of the most unique and beautiful cities of Europe. It is almost seven miles in circumference, and more than one-hundred and fifty canals curve among its houses and serve for streets; where, instead of horses and vehicles, we find the famous black gondolas. These canals, or streets of water, are spanned by some four hundred magnificent bridges, mostly of stone. Lord Byron speaks, in "Childe Harold," of the most famous of these arches, the Bridge of Sighs:

"I stood in Venice, on the Bridge of Sighs;
A palace and a prison on each hand;
I saw from out the wave her structures rise
As from the strokes of the enchanter's wand."

The city is protected from the sea, on the east, by a long narrow line of low sand dunes, but, at times, the winds cause the waters to rise several feet, so that even the main squares of Venice are submerged. The climate is warm in summer, and rather raw and foggy in winter. This, however, does not prevent it from being frequented as a winter resort. Its freedom from dust and noise makes it always popular, and an ideal spot for brain work or for rest.

The great centers of interest are the Piazza of St. Mark's, the Doge's Palace, the Royal Palace, and the queer old Clock Tower.

However, Venice is not only noted for its beauty and uniqueness, for its age and splendid history; but, for the poets, artists, and musicians who have lived and died there. They loved the quaint old place; and, as we revel in their works, we too, love it.

Let us imagine a night in this City of the Sea. It is late, and a deep silence broods over the world. On all sides, are large and beautiful buildings, the canals winding gracefully in and out among them; and, across the waters, the moon is casting its pale, shimmering gleams—behold! Venice lies sleeping. Do we wonder then that such poets as

Byron, Browning, Shelley, Shakespeare, and Ruskin chose it as a favorite setting for many of their most charming verses? Can we not understand how Byron must have felt when he penned the following words ?—

"States fall, arts fade—but Nature doth not die,
Nor yet forget how Venice once was dear,
The pleasant place of all festivity,
The revel of the earth, the masque of Italy!"

Shelley speaks thus of this City of Water:

"Underneath day's azure eyes
Ocean's nursling, Venice lies.
* * * * * *
Column, tower, and dome, and spire,
Shine like obelisks of fire,
Pointing with inconstant motion
From the altar of dark ocean
To the sapphire-tinted skies."

In the "Stones of Venice," Ruskin wrote in his happiest vein. Here, too, Shakespeare laid the scene of one of his most famous plays, and, whenever we think of the character Shylock, we must also think of the Bridge of the Rialto, that wonderful arch of marble spanning the Grand Canal. Here it was that Shakespeare imagined the old Jew, "many a time and oft," going over the Bridge of the Rialto for commercial transactions with the Christians, who treated him with such contempt as to make him exclaim:

"Oh, Father Abram, what these Christians are!"

It was in the Venetian courts that the brilliant Portia expounded the laws of the realm to the revengeful Jew, when she said to him of mercy:

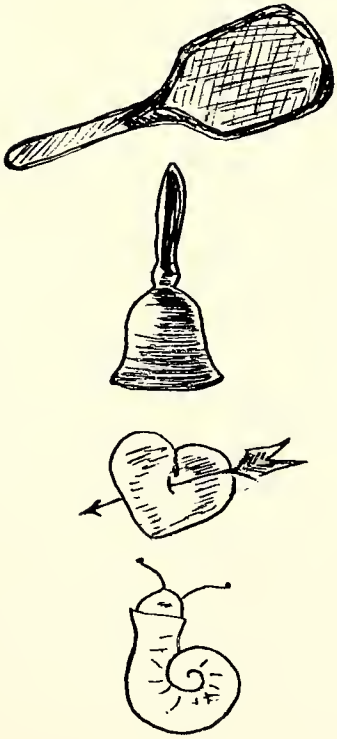
"It is an attribute of God himself
* * * * *we do pray for mercy;*
And that same prayer doth teach us all to render
The deeds of mercy."

Yes! this strange City of Water is full of historical remembrances, it has been the center of commercial struggle and of financial success, of gaiety and of tragedy, of tyranny and of freedom. These conditions have impressed themselves upon the minds of many great poets, and have made it possible for the praises of Venice to be sung in many languages.

MARTHA J. TAYLOR, '13.

Senior

Characteristics



Heard When With the Faculty

"Hey lady! All's serene."—*Miss Bishop.*

"Oh, I'm so tired."—*Miss S. Williams.*

"We'll pause there."—*Miss Tirrell.*

"Well, let me tell you!"—*Miss Mary Scott.*

"Well, sir!"—*Miss Margaret Scott.*

" 'Twas the funniest thing."—*Miss Margaret Turner.*

"Well, yes."—*Miss Margaret Williams.*

"Oh my!"—*Miss Margaret Boardman.*

"Perfectly Dandy."—*Miss Stulting.*

"Perfect nonsense."—*Dr. Scott.*

The Bell

(Apologies to Holmes).

It is early when it starts—
Hated bell!
And we wish with all aur hearts—
Wha will tell?
But we dare not slumber mare,
Tho', ta rise is quite a bare.
Why that bell?

Then, ta breakfast is the call,
And we frawn.
But we rush inta the hall
With a bound.
Our duds are half-way an—
We rub aur eyes, and yawn,
Gaing dawn.

And it summans us ta schaal—
Harrid bell!
Where the Faculty holds rule.
(May as well).
All day long it seems ta ring,
While we study, play, ar sing.
Such a bell!

Next, to dinner is the cry—
And we smile.
Nat a girl is heard to sigh
All the while.
Then aur evening's wark we da,
Striving anly ta get thraugh
With the pile.

Once again it talls alaud,
Preciaus bell.
Every girl in all the crawd
Knaws it well.
This time it says "To bed!
Yau may rest till morning red."
Kind ald bell.

MARTHA TAYLOR, '13.

"Zwei Lieben Herzen"

DEAR READER, if you are not in a hurry, I'd like to relate to you a little story—one that Cupid told me. Before I say who it was that Cupid found, one glorious day, I must tell you where he found them. It was late one evening, when dear, pensive September was already far spent. The great sun, hanging low in the west, was smiling sweetly, and shedding a grateful warmth upon the rich, yellowing woods, which were reflected far below in the smooth, gliding stream. In the distance, Cupid heard the lulling of insects, and the buzzing of lonely bees striving, in vain, to find a single flower. But whom did he see?

Close down on the bank of the stream, at the foot of a splendid oak, there sat a young girl, with two, dainty, white hands clasped gracefully about her knees. Two deep blue eyes were peering dreamily through the shining forest. A gentle breeze was softly waving her golden tresses. Truly, did not her presence complete the brightness of that autumn scene?

No! Cupid saw someone else there—a boy, in years; a man, in courage—reclining masterfully on the grassy carpet, by the girl's side. His well proportioned frame suggested strength, and the broad, noble brow revealed intelligence. The little sunbeams played also in his soft hair (which was a shade or so darker than that of the girl), and he, too, was the possessor of great, blue eyes. Blue eyes that, instead of following the gaze of that other pair, across the forest, were passing slowly over the pages of the book that he was reading to his companion.

Wordsworth was indeed a great creator, and his poems are full of Nature's beauty, but, for a few minutes, those poems must be shut up in that little volume, now tumbling carelessly into Helen's dreamy eyes, and said: "Little girl, do you know that it is good for us to be here, where we can see, and feel, and hear the masterpieces of the Master Artist? It all makes me feel so small and weak, but in a way that pleases me wonderfully; for, I know there is One, big and strong, who loves us more than we can understand."

"Yes, Bob," answered Helen, "I too am glad that we can be here. It is grand to drink in all of this beauty about us, and to know that there is a loving Heart behind it all. But I wish that I might always see things in this big light—just as you do. You have taught me many things, and I have learned how to believe, in my own, poor way; but I want to know the beauty of God's creation so thoroughly that I can help others, who are less fortunate than I, to see these same glories."

He took her hand into his own, and, pressing it firmly, he said: "We can not get all of this in a day, in a month, or in a year, but—if we are really sincere—in time, we may have it. Although the way may be steep and rugged, dear, you and I need not climb alone. We have each other." And then—ah, then!

Oh! Dear reader, pardon me. I didn't mean to keep you so long, really I didn't. You may go now, for the sun has sunk low into his bed; leaving behind a peaceful, golden west, toward which Cupid said he would guide our Two Dear Hearts.

MARY SHOAF, '13.

"If a Body"

(With Apologies to Robert Burns).

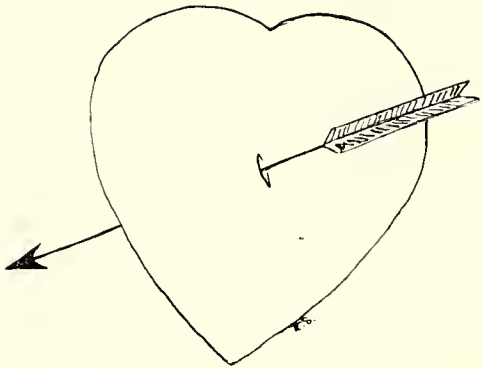
If a body fail to study,
Thinking it a bore,
If a body hates to study—
Should she study more?
Every lassie has her lessons,
None the less have I,
And all the "Fac." they stare at me—
When questions pass me by.

If a body skip her practice,
Just to read a book,
If a body does not practice—
Should she get a LOOK*?*
Every lassie LOVES *to practice,*
None the less do I,
But O! the "Fac." they LOOK *at me—*
If e'er to skip, I try.

If a body does not waken,
Hard, tho', she may try,
If a body misses breakfast—
Should a body cry?
Every lassie loves her slumbers,
None the less do I,
But O! the "Fac." they glare at me—
If late in bed, I lie.

There is a dream,
And it doth seem
So very far away.
No study then—
You may depend—
But fun the live long day.
Every lassie loves to frolic,
So it is with me,
And then the "Fac." may glare and stare—
No matter what they see.

ESTHER CURRY, '12.



"An Ill Wind That Blows No Good"

BETTIE hung up the receiver, angrily. She and her chum, Dorothy, had been quarreling—over the 'phone—and Bettie wondered whose side Rob would take, when he heard of it, for he would be sure to hear. The two girls, though friends from childhood, had had many misunderstandings; most of them being caused by Bettie's jealousy.

An anxious half-hour elapsed, and the 'phone rang. It was Rob, wanting to make an engagement with Bettie for the dance, which was to be given in about two weeks. Bettie, after promising him the date, went up to her room, and laughed long and merrily, because she had gotten ahead of Dorothy. The thought thrilled her, for lately Rob had seemed unduly fond of her chum.

Late that evening she went over to see one of her little cousins, who was quite sick, and entertained the little girl for about two hours. Three days afterwards, she heard that her cousin had developed a very bad case of scarlet-fever, and that, as she had been exposed to it, would have to be quarantined. Bettie was horror-stricken. That this should have happened at such a time—the dance was only ten days off!

Gradually, the crisis was passed, and the little girl began to recover, but Bettie became ill, and the Doctor pronounced it fever. A hard battle was fought for her life, and, after many weeks, she began to convalesce. During her recovery, she grew sweeter to those around her, for she had lost many of her old faults; among them—her great jealousy.

The first time she was permitted to go out, after her illness, was on Valentine's night; the affair was one of the largest of the season, a Ball, and Rob was her escort. This was the only time he had seen her since her recovery, and he was astonished at the great change in her manner. All the evening, his eyes followed her, anxiously—lovingly.

At last, after a long, delightful waltz, he proposed going into the conservatory. She, willingly, accepted, as the evening had wearied her, even though it had been very pleasant. Upon reaching the conservatory, she sank into a chair, exhausted. Her face had been somewhat pale at first, but now the excitement had brought roses to her cheeks, and she made a beautiful picture as she leaned back luxuriously.

For awhile, they sat in silence, but, finally, Rob could stand it no longer, and, leaning toward her, he said: "A belated valentine." And clasped a gold chain, on which was hung a tiny heart set with a diamond, around her snowy throat. As she looked up with a little cry of admiration, he held out his arms, and——!

HASSIE MILLER, '15.

Lige's April Fool

Many years ago, there was a little negro boy named Tom. He had often heard his ole mammy tell of the April Fools of long ago, so he decided to play a prank on one of his fellows.

Accordingly, on the first day of April, he ran out to call Lige Laurence in, to have some" water-million"—he said. Lige was very much pleased, and answered: "Suah, I'll come to git some ob it. Say, Tom, where in dis world did de thing grow, dis time ob yeah? "

Tom evaded his question, and hurriedly told him.—"Hits' up in de garret. You git it, and I'll give you half. I'm too tired to clam up thar."

Unsuspecting Lige was up the ladder in less time than you could say "Jack Robinson." And, no sooner was he out of sight, than Tom removed the ladder. After looking around for the water-melon, until he had given up all hope, Lige started down to lick Tom for playing with him. But, when he reached the opening, he found the ladder gone; and there he stood, shining his big white eyes down upon a crowd of little colored boys, headed by Tom, and who, when they saw him, yelled—"April Fool, Lige, April Fool! "

FLORENCE ARMFIELD, '14.

"Turn About Is Fair Play"

JOHN'S back! Elizabeth told her older sister, who was sitting comfortably before the fire, reading a novel, which, up to this time, had seemed very interesting, but which now frankly bored her. She raised her book higher, to hide the blush mounting to her face, as her sister announced this unexpected piece of news.

"Who told you?" stammered Alice, not looking up from her book." Why I saw him with my own eyes," replied Elizabeth, "and he looks quite changed. I don't believe I would have recognized him, if I had not heard Mr. Williams say he was in town."

After Elizabeth left the room, Alice rose—put on her hat and coat, and announced her intention of taking a little walk. Something unusual, for her to go out alone. She had not walked far however, when whom should she see but John! Could she believe her eyes? Indeed it was not the same John who had left her five years ago, but quite a different man; not merely in looks, but, as she afterwards discovered, in manners.

These two young people had been next door neighbors ever since they could remember, and they had always been sweethearts. When John was sixteen years old, his father died; and, as he was the oldest child, he felt that the whole family was dependent on him. When he was twenty, his employer sent him to New York, as junior partner of his firm there. John left Alice with a very heavy heart, vowing that thoughts of her would inspire him to success, and that he would return some day to claim her as his wife.

For several months all went well, then John's letters failed to come. But Alice consoled herself with the thoughts that he was very busy; and little did she dream that the old saying, "Absence makes the heart grow fonder," had not proven true in his case. So, imagine her surprise when she did not find the same loving expression in his eyes as they met hers, and as he said: "Why, hello, Alice! I'm glad to see you, and to be back home again," and she answered, slowly: "Hello, John; it seems like old times to have you back."

They walked on, toward her house, talking gaily of former days, when they *used* to be sweethearts, as he said: "We used to be so silly about each other. We certainly had a bad case of 'puppy love.'" Of course, Alice acquiesced to this, although it cut her deeply, and, by the time they had reached her gate, a wide gulf had formed between them, and they coldly said, "Good-bye."

Alice went to her room, threw herself down on the bed, and cried as if her heart would break. But she did not remain long in this mood, her pride came to her rescue, and she resolved that John should never know how bad it hurt her. For she still loved him, just the same.

As summer came on, there were many picnics and parties, of which the two young people were always members. Alice was the belle of the town, and she entered everything with her whole heart. John now began to realize that she was dearer to him than

she had ever been, but she no longer thought of him as her sweetheart. One day, as they were sitting in the porch swing, he could hold back his pent-up feelings no longer, and he told her that he cared more for her than ever before.

"I admit," she said coldly, "that I used to love you very much, but now I know it was only a bad case of 'puppy love,' for I have outgrown it. She left him sitting dazed by her unexpected reply, and thinking what a fool he had been a few months before, not to see that she was the only girl in his world. Somehow, he felt as if his poor heart was dead within him, and, rising slowly, he walked away—his head bowed low.

Alice was too stubborn to admit, eve to herself, that she cared whether he left her, or not. So, when the next party came, she entered it as she always had, with her whole soul; and soon found—among her host of admirers—a devoted suitor, who smoothed away many of her woes, during the coming days.

John left town, and went to his country home, not far away, for a rest. Not a word did Alice hear from him directly, after that fatal evening, when she had said he loved her, and she had spurned him. But, one day, someone told her that he was very ill—had been delirious, and in his delirium had spoken constantly of her. She could hide her feelings no longer, so went herself to hear, once more, her name from his lips.

"Why, of course," she told him, in reply to his eager questions, "I have loved you you all the time. I have never cared for anyone else."

"When I get well, dearie," John said longingly, "I am going to make good my vow of six years ago." And he did.

MARY GRAY DEW, '13.

Fresh Reception

WHEN the old girls returned to College, in September 1911, they were utterly consumed with curiosity to know if the new girls would be pretty and witty, or plain and dull. They waited, expectantly, to hear the mail called, in order that they might learn new names, and locate the persons to whom the names belonged.

Finally, all of the girls arrived; *some* were pretty and *some* were witty—this was soon discovered, and something else was also discovered. Tears! Tears! For awhile, it looked as if the whole place would be washed away. The thing was becoming not only serious, but dangerous, before the weeping ones condescended to tell us wherein our College failed to satisfy them. They wantd to see "Mama and Papa," "Sister and Brother," and just "oodles" of other things, on the same order. In fact, child-like, they wanted everything that we didn't have. It was quite evident that they had the "blues." We immediaely set to thinking—put our heads together, and decided to give them a party. Yes, a party was the very thing.

Of course, they all came, attired in their best dresses, and were soon seated at the various game tables. Some had to be shown how to play, but soon all "caught on"; and, before the poor little "Fresh." knew it, they were as happy as so many birds—especially when the candy, cream, and cake appeared. After the affair was over, they went to their rooms, and some stayed awake long enough to write their parents that they "liked College fine! "

Since then—not one tear has been shed(?)

Church Reception

In telling my readers of the "Fresh." Reception, I think I remarked that, since then, no tears had been shed. Well, this was true, they didn't really cry, but they were seen rubbing their eyes pretty hard, and in the middle of the day. Surely they were not sleepy, but, if not that, what could it be? This continued for several days, when something else was noticed. They were seen holding their throats, as if they were about to choke. Stupid girls we were; they were getting "blue" again. What were we to do? We, ourselves, found it rather hard to "buckle down" to work, and we couldn't bother with parties every week, that was certain.

The "Miriams," of our Presbyterian Chhrch, came to our resrue. Surely, they must have noticed the red eyes of the new girls, and the long faces of the old girls. I think, when these good ladies saw us leave Church, it made them feel sorry for us, and the sermon was the least of their thoughts. What could they do to help us out? They

felt that they *must* do something. Then they remembered that often a cherry chat will help a downcast person's spirits. But how were they to talk to all of us at once? A reception, of course.

Invitations were immediately sent out. What joy! What bliss! Again we donned our party clothes; and, when we reached the church, there awaited us—pastor and people, girls and boys, too. All were glad to see us, and we went down the long receiving line, just inside the door, shaking hands with everyone—renewing old acquaintances, and making new ones.

After talking for quite awhile, we went into the lecture room, with him or her (as the case might be), and all sorts of good things to eat were served. Our dull eyes brightened, and our long faces shortened; in fact, we went back to the College rejoiced, and Dr. Scott has not been able to keep his "young ladies" from the church since? Here's to the "Miriams!"

LISS CLEMENT, '12.

Annual Reception

IT WAS the evening of the tenth of November that the students of Statesville College held a reception for their friends. This is given every year, and is a time that is looked forward to by everyone. All the town people come up to enjoy the occasion, and also some of the Davidson boys wend their way up thus far.

The library was decorated with the College colors—maroon and gold. Electric lights, from the four corners of the room, were brought to the center, and also draped in maroon and gold, thus giving an attractive glamour to the whole place. In one corner was a piano, and some one of the young ladies was always in attendance there—with some young man, strange to say. In the other corners were placed window-seats and lots of cushions; everywhere one could see large rockers waiting to be occupied. The doors were covered with pennants, from colleges all over the country, and on the walls were pictures of "A. and M." boys and "S. F. C." girls.

At eight-thirty, that evening, the guests began to arrive. In the reception hall, they were first greeted by the Seniors; they next went into the library, and shook hands with the long line of Juniors. After these formalities were over, they found other friends, and soon everyone was laughing and talking, merrily. Some seated themeslves in the "corners"—rarely room for more than two, by the way. Some talked, by the light of the moon (or the electric lights, which was it?), on the large porch. While others walked to and from the large punch bowl, which was in the parlor.

This room was decorated with autumn leaves, and, in a peculiar way, the girls and boys loved to linger there. The cut-glass punch bowl was sunk into a bed of beautiful red, yellow, and brown leaves; and two young ladies, just behind it, were ever ready to give a cool drink to the parched lips of the thirsty. Upon each of the sofas were seated two couples, and, in this case, backs were excusable.

Later in the evening, the large double-doors were thrown open, and lads and lassies all went into the long hall, for supper. There were numbers of small tables, and here a salad course was served. The souvenirs consisted of pretty, little, cupid cards tied with maroon and gold ribbon.

Finally, somewhere around the mid-night hour, the affair came to an end, and all pronounced it as an evening long to be remembered in the annals of the College.

LISS CLEMENT, '12.

Junior-Senior Banquet

THE CLASS of 1913 successfully entertained the Class of 1912, one evening in the early spring. The Juniors awaited the Seniors, as they climbed the stairway, at the Iredell Hotel, and greeted them with the College yell. What a cordial reception that familiar old yell made. After wraps had been removed, Juniors, Seniors, and Faculty went to the handsomely decorated dining room.

The table was adorned with fragrant white carnations, and with green ferns. Thus, carrying out the Senior colors. This same color scheme was carried out in the decorations of the room. How could such a supper not be enjoyed, served in so attractive a manner? The green and white place cards, with their hand-painted four-leaf clovers, were especially pretty.

After all had partaken of this bountiful feast, toasts were given. The Junior toast to the Seniors was excellent; and, to this, one of the Seniors responded. The following toasts were also given: To the Facutly; to the Senior Colors; the Senior Dignity; and to "Alma Mater." This last one was appreciated by all, but there was a feeling of sadness too, when one thought of leaving her "Alma Mater." The toast to the Junior Possibilities afforded a bit of amusement, and more, when a member of the Senior Class replied with the Senior Probabilities—then the Juniors laughed.

Leaving the banquet hall, all went into the reception room, where they were served with invigorating punch. From here, the assembly adjourned to the parlor, where the class songs were sung, and mutual admiration expressed by hearty applause. Then yell after yell was given, each class trying to out-do the other. After the College Song had been rendered, our President made some appropriate remarks about college training young women for life, and college facts in general. After which, the guests returned to their dear old "Alma Mater."

In the opinion of "1912," the hospitality of "1913" will always rank high as one of the social virtues developed by S. F. C.

LISS CLEMENT, '12.

Concert by Davidson Orchestra

January 23, 1912.

PART I.

"Aida" Selections ..... *Verdi.*

Orchestra.

"D. C. D. C." .....

Glee Club.

"De Coppah Moon" ..... *Shelley.*

Messrs. Huey, Ferran, Johnston, and Bishop.

"My Beautiful Lady" ..... *Caryll.*

Orchestra.

Solo—Selected .....

Mr. Huey.

"Some of These Days" ..... *Alford.*

Orchestra.

PART II.

"Sparticus" Overtue ..... *Stahl.*

Orchestra.

"Barcorolle" Tales from Hoffman ..... *Offenbach.*

Quartette and Orchestra.

"The Bandolero" ..... *Stuart.*

Mr. Bishop.

"Quaker Girl Valse" ..... *Mockton.*

Orchestra.

"The Water Mill" ..... *Macy.*

Glee Club.

"Sweet Italian Love" ..... *Schulz.*

Orchestra.

PART III.

"Southern Roses Waltz" ..... *Strauss.*

Orchestra.

"The Barks" ..... *Hastings.*

Messrs. Huey, Ferran, Johnston, and Bishop.

"Fifth Nocturne" ..... *Leybach.*

Orchestra.

"Alma Mater" .....

Glee Club.

"Frat March" ..... *Barth.*

Orchestra.

Staff Entertains Orchestra

"Money is the root of all evil; root, you Annual Staff, root!"

BUT tell us, pray my kind friends, in which direction to go. We have solicited "ads," and have given plays; what more can we do?" All work and no play, makes Jack a dull boy," so we have often heard, and we are beginning to believe it. We have not seen any of the Davidson boys since the Annual Reception; it would indeed seem good to have them with us again.

About this time, someone mentioned our College Glee Club. "Glee Club," that's the name—"Davidson" is another. Put the two together, and you have made some money for the Annual. "Send for them, at once," cried all the girls in chorus. So we did, and these obliging young men responded by coming, only a few days afterward.

The concert was enjoyed by both old and young, the music being arranged to suit all. The boys not only had a long, enjoyable program, but they gave several encores, which were much appreciated. Mr. Bishop's solos were sung with a great deal of expression; his voice has a good volume, and the tones are sure. The audience showed, by almost wearing their hands out, (especially that part of the audience that sat in the gallery) that they wished to hear him again. The "drummer man" also made quite a hit. He knew how to make a beginning, it seems, for the first that was heard from him was, "Who's the Kid?" then "Where's the Kid?" and (pointing to one of the girls in the gallery), "She's the Kid?" The quartet, Messrs. Huey, Ferran, Johnston, and Bishop, sang several selections, with voices that blended in a most pleasing manner. The orchestra showed good work, and careful training, by keeping that "one-ness," for which we are always listening. This much enjoyed concert was ended by the singing of "Alma Mater," by the Glee Club, and by Davidson and Statesville yells.

Then came the reception. The Annual Staff met these jolly boys at the doors of the College parlor. They were introduced so rapidly, that some of the names were taken for granted as—Smith, Brown, Jones, etc. Some of the lads preferred to stroll around from one couple to another, but most of them were soon "paired off," and then the fun began. The girls talked college life in general, society life, and many other kinds of life—most probably.

Miss Mary Scott talked to Mr. Faw, whom she found "interesting." "Only a Freshman, but not one bit green."

Helen conversed, in her usual dignified manner, with a Mr. Ferran. They sat on one of the sofas; and what they talked about, we do not know. He is not here, and she won't tell. I dare-say it was not books, though, for both seemed too engrossed to be laboring over a problem in "trig." or discussing history.

Mary Shoaf, in a little cozy corner, just outside the parlor door, in the reception hall, "cornered" Mr. Hamilton. There they stayed all evening; and Mary, in her attractive way, talked to him of S. F. C., and he, in turn, to her—of Davidson. She interrupted

him every now and then, by saying, "What did you say about D. C.? I think he's dandy! Go on and tell me some more about him." And all the time he was speaking of Davidson College, and not of one of its students.

Jane monopolized Mr. White. As soon as she saw him, she drew him away from the crowd; having "picked him out" from the balcony, during the concert. Judging from the laughter we heard from that corner, they were both having a good time.—"Slow, but sure, this is Jane."

Now Janie McNeill was not so slow, about deciding whom she wanted to talk with; or he, perhaps decided for her. They soon found subjects of mutual interest, "cats" being one of the *most* interesting, to both. During the exciting part of the conversation, in walked a cat, and, in a very "cute" way, made straight for them. Mr. Siler took it up, and entertained it for quite a while; much to Janie's delight.

Esther Curry "captured" Mr. Huey, and soon was begun such an interesting conversation, that it lasted all evening. Esther, "never in a hurry" (as one dared to say), was not in a hurry this time sure enough, and neither was he.

Martha entertained four young men, over on the other sofa. "The more, the merrier" she said, and we believed it; for all seemed to be busy talking, and as many as so many birds. Mr. Johnston, Mr. Campbell, and Mr. Harper, were three of them, but the other one's name has been forgotten—though, Martha declares, she remembers his face.

For once, at least, in the history of S. F. C., there were more boys than girls. One other young man made his presence known that night—Mr. Lanier, who took the cat from Janie and Mr. Siler. The cat was placed upon the mantlepiece, by Mr. Lanier; and, afterwards, scolded by the same gentleman for breaking a plate that it(?) had knocked off?

"Rosa is a tiny mite," but she was found by the last named young man, who kept her laughing all the time.

After refreshments were served, upon seeing Dr. Scott approaching, Mr. Lanier broke up the "tea-party" by giving one leap into the middle of the next room!

Mr. Bishop's name has not been mentioned, purposely, however. As for the way in which he spent his time—ask him. She tried to entertain him, and talked constantly, but—"We're only poor, weak mortals, after all."

LISS CLEMENT, '12.

The Staff

(Apologies to Whittier).

Blessings on you, Annual Staff,
Freedom you have ceased to quaff.
You must toil while others rest,
Giving to the world your best.

Blessings on you, little band,
And do the work you find at hand.
Many may look on and smile,
But you are busy all the while.

Blessings on you, willing few,
When day is o'er, and evening dew
Finds your lamps are all aglow,
Weary, tho'—you work not slow.

Blessings on you every one,
When night is gone, and rising sun
Peeps o'er hill, and down the lane—
Sees you at your work again.

Blessings on you, toilers still,
Keep on climbing up life's hill.
And when, at last, you reach the crest—
You have earned your promised rest.

MARTHA TAYLOR, '13.

The Four Innocents

Statesville College
Monday, Dec. 4, 1911, Eight P. M.

SHEARER MUSIC HALL

CAST OF CHARACTERS

(A personally conducted party of girls traveling in Europe).

Nan.....*Jessie Keefe*
Kate.....*Esther Currie*
Patty.....*Mary Shoaf*
Clara.....*Jane Ervin*
Mabel.....*Liss Clement*
Judith.....*Theo Terrell*
Mrs. Barksdale—Personal Conductor of Girls.....*Helen Wilson*

FRESH SISTERS

Pandora.....*Anna Summers*
Athena.....*Rosa Ratchford*
Socratesia.....*Janie McNeill*
Aphrodite.....*Martha Taylor*
Maria Casterville—Chaperon of Fresh Sisters.....*Beatrice Green*
Brigide O'Briggins—The Maid.....*Merle Shoaf*

SYNOPSIS

ACT I.

Time—Noon.
Place—An Island off the Coast of England.
Scene—Picnic on the Island. Finding of the Will of Solomon Fresh, the Millionaire.

ACT II.

Time—Evening of the same day.
Place—Sitting Room in Hotel at Liverpool.
Scene—Nan and Patty's Adventures. Maria Casterville's Visit.

ACT II.

Time—Morning.
Place—Clute.
Scene—Soda Fountain in charge of Fresh Sisters.

The Proposal

She looked her sweetest—this I knew.
Her dress was white, and thin.
Her hair was brown, her eyes were blue,
She had neither kith nor kin.
Said I to her—"Do you love me?"
My heart was smitten sore!
Said she to me—"You, surely, see
Speech is silver, and I am POOR."
Said I to her—"My dear, you know,
Silence is GOLDEN, *too."*
Said she to me—"Yes, that is so;
And I belong to you."

MODEST MEMBER, '13.

The Wedding Trip

"What God hath joined together, let no man put asunder."

THE words were spoken, they were man and wife. Of course, there was kissing, congratulations, wishes for a long and happy life, and utter confusion. The groom, chancing to look out of the window was horrified. At the earliest opportunity, he called his bride, and bade her look. She saw the carriage, that was supposed to convey them to the train, all arrayed in flowers, bells, old shoes, and signs—altogether presenting a ridiculous appearance.

"I positively refuse to go one step in that carriage," said he. After thinking a moment, his bride announced that she had an idea; and, with this, she slipped out of the side door, down the steps, through the garden—her dress and veil trailing behind her—until she reached the garage. The chauffeur was at work on the machine, and was quite surprised when, on looking up, he saw her standing beside him. She immediately made known her errand, and soon afterwards re-entered the house, from which she had not been ed. She immediately made known her errand, and soon afterwards re-entered w;oorp missed. After a few words with her friends, she went to prepare for her journey, and, when such preparations were finished, she slipped out of the side door again, jumped into the waiting car, and was gone.

About five minutes later, the groom left the house, and walked quickly to a certain corner, where his bride had told him she would direct the chauffeur to meet him, and bring him also to the depot, before they would be missed by the assembled bridal party. When he reached the corner the machine was waiting, and he was soon on his way to the station, whistling an old love song as he went. Suddenly, there was a loud thump! And the car stopped with a lurch. "I will have her going in a short time, sir; be patient." said the chauffeur. Five long minutes dragged by, but she showed no sign of moving. "Only five minutes more. Give me my suit-case, I cannot wait," demanded the wretched bridegroom, And, as no other car was in sight, he started out on foot, running very fast down a side street, which was a shorter way.

Meanwhile, his wife was counting the minutes, at the depot. She made a pleasing picture in her traveling suit, and there was in her lap what, at first sight, might have been taken for a muff, but what was, in reality, a little white dog. Just then the train came thundering in, and she saw her husband speeding toward her. He was quite near by now, so she boarded the train, waving frantically to him to hurry. He hurried! But a rock tripped him up, and down he went. When he regained his feet, the train was turning the curve. Too late! The station agent quietly informed him that he would have to wait *six hours.*

On and on, went the flying train, carrying the unhappy bride with it. "Ticket, please!" And she looked up into the exacting face of the conductor. Her pocket book

was quickly opened, and out came a handkerchief, mirror, powder puff, small comb, and various other trifling objects, but neither ticket nor money. Frantically, she offered these to the conductor, but no, he was made of stone—she would have to get off. Footsore and weary, she trudged along; now stopping to rest, now moving again, but no station came in sight.

Finally, the six hours passed, and the train came, and left, bearing with it our hero. "O—!" A wreck ahead. After what seemed an endless time, the debris was cleared away, and the coaches jerked forward. Moving on, at almost lightening speed, the belated groom was looking out of the window. What was that sitting near the road? Suddenly, he knew. The cord was pulled, and he was off of the train in a jiffy. The conductor came to investigate, but all he saw was a man almost flying down the track.

The bride, a forlorn looking figure, still holding the poodle dog, was sitting in the grass, her back turned. But, upon hearing her name called, she jumped up, and they met with open arms. After a long embrace, they began to gather up their things, but, almost immediately, these were forgotten, and there was more hugging and kissing. Finally, by degrees, their belongings were gathered up, and, as a ricketty old wagon was the only thing in sight, they hired the owner of it to take them to the nearest town. And, now that thy were safely on the way, they could not help but realize what a comical appearance they made, as they turned the curve in the road.

EDITH MCLAUGHLIN, '13.

Lost, Found, Wanted

LOST: Miss Bishop. Finder will please return to Miss L. Williams, and claim reward.
LOST: A bunch of curls. Return to Sarah McLoud.
LOST: A room mate. Large reward for her return to Theo Terrell.
LOST: Large, yellow cat. Please return to Miss Tirrell.
LOST: Pair of curling tongs.—Theo Terrell.
LOST: Miss Stulting.—Esther Jeter.
FOUND: Miss Stulting, in Miss Turner's room.
FOUND: Another name.—Liss Clement.
DISAPPEARED: Inez Culp. Any news of her whereabouts report to Bettie Delaney.
INFORMATION: Inez Culp may be found in practice room 14, making love to Sarah Stevenson.
WANTED: More rules.—Student Body.
WANTED: More time to sleep, in the mornings.—Merle Booe.
WANTED: To get rid of caps and uniforms.—S. F. C. Girls.
WANTED: More math.—Bert Taylor.
WANTED: The Valedictory, in 1920.—Eleanor McLoud.
WANTED: Kinky hair.—Marie Cunningham.
WANTED: Red hair?—Martha Taylor.
WANTED: To go to Atlanta.—Martha Taylor.
WANTED: A Music Teacher.—Esther Curry.
WANTED: A diploma.—Rosa Ratchford.
WANTED: One letter a day.—Liss Clement.
WANTED: An excuse to go to Charlotte.—Helen Wilson.
WANTED: A gun! Theo Terrel.
WANTED: More exams.—Student Body.
WANTED: Someone to help "Mose" Ratchford *work* her scale.
WANTED: Miss Bishop to "call down" the right party for talking after the light-bell.—Merle Booe and Martha Taylor.
WANTED: To know why "Bud" White wants to be a Davidson boy.—Bert Taylor.
WANTED: A photographer who will take pictures for nothing, so the girls will all be in them.—Staff.

Ambitions of the Staff

ROSA RATCHFORD ..... *To be loved by "Everybody"*
ANNA SUMMERS ..... *To travel.*
REBECCA STIMSON ..... *To be an artist.*
LISS CLEMENT ..... *To change my name.*
HELEN WILSON ..... *To be in Charlotte.*
JANE ERVIN ..... *To be a "school-marm."*
JANIE MCNEILL ..... *To teach under Dr. Scott.*
ESTHER CURRY ..... *To become a cultured and refined woman.*
MARY SHOAF ..... *To be a clown.*
MARTHA TAYLORL ..... *To be an "Old Maid?"*

A Lesson in History

Fold your wings, little angel,
And lay them on the shelf—
You won't need them any more
To fly about, yourself.

Go, little cupid, go away!
You darling little Dan.
Lay your arrows on the shelf,
For now there is no man.

There was one once, a hero (?)
Who dared to wink and run!
He left us with a zero—
We had a lot of fun.

But he's not gone forever—
Though "Williams" chased him away—
He'll come back to see us
Again, some other day.

REBECCA STIMSON, '12.

CLUBS

"THE FEASTERS"

COLORS: *Blue and Gold.* TIME: *Any old time will do.*

PLACE OF MEETING: *Dining room.*

MOTTO: *"Eat all that is set before you."*

MEMBERS

Ercel Price Rosa Ratchford Jessie Keefe Esther Curry

"THE KANDY KIDS"

COLORS: *Royal Purple and Gold.*

TIME: *Dawn.*

PLACE OF MEETING: *"The Barn."*

MOTTO: *"Be good and you'll be happy."*

MEMBERS

Liss Clement Sarah McLoud Merle Booe Martha Taylor Roberta Taylor

"THE BOOK WORMS"

COLORS: *Black and White.* MOTTO: *"Remember what you read."*

PLACE OF MEETING: *Library?*

TIME: *All day and night.*

MEMBERS

Eleanor McLoud Roberta Taylor Rosa Ratchford Sarah McLoud
Merle Booe Martha Taylor

Alumnae of Statesville College

1902-1903

Miss Mary C. Scott, A.B.—*Directress of Music, S. F. C.*
Miss Leila Scott, A.B.—*Teaching in Radford, Va.*
Miss Coral Shelton, B.L.—*Mrs. M. C. Beam, of Charlotte, N. C.*
Miss Scotta McCaskill, B.L.—*At home in Cassatt, S. C.*
Miss Mary E. Miller, B.L.—*Mrs. J. O. Mann, Tinkling Springs, Va.*
Miss Maude Harris—*At home, Cleveland, N. C.*
Miss Annie Marvin, Business Graduate—*Stenographer, Statesville, N. C.*
Miss Ethel Moore, Business Graduate—*Trained Nurse, Atlanta, Ga.*

1903-1904

Miss Elizabeth Hamilton, A.B.—*Mrs. C. J. McCombs, Stanley, N. C.*
Miss Nannie Howard, B.L.—*At home, Wadesboro, N. C.*
Miss Amelia Houck, B.L.—*Teaching, Barium Springs, N. C.*
Miss Annie Colvert, B.L.—*Mrs. Samuel Russell, Atlanta, Ga.*
Miss Jennie Gray, Business Graduate—.....

1904-1905

Miss Rosa Witherspoon, Graduate in Piano—.....
Miss Ruth Connelly, A.B.—*At home, Tennessee.*
Miss Amelia Houck, A. B.—*Teaching, Barium Springs, N. C.*
Miss Nannie Howard, A.B.—*At home, Wadesboro, N. C.*
Miss Pearl Hamilton, B.L.—*Mrs. W. B. Love, Monroe, N. C.*
Miss Margaret Scott, B.L.—*Teaching Science and Art, S. F. C.*
Miss Anna Weedon, B.S.—*Mrs. Charles Armfield, Elkin, N. C.*
Miss Alleene Steele, Business Graduate—*At home, Rock Hill, S. C.*
Miss Sudie Turner, Business Graduate—*Mrs. J. P. Leonard, Statesville, N. C.*

1905-1906

Miss Julia Connelly, A.B.—*Deceased.*
Miss Mattie Hall, A.B.—*Teaching, in N. C.*
Miss Corrie Copeland, B.S.—*At home, Statesville, N. C.*
Miss Lizzie Richards, B.S.—*Teaching, near Liberty Hill, N. C.*
Miss Cora Johnson, B.L.—*Teaching, in N. C.*
Miss Zooby Frye, B.S.—*Mrs. John Turner, Statesville, N. C.*
Miss Augusta Ervin, B.S.—*Teaching, in N. C.*
Miss Nannie McKaskil, B.L.—*Marrier.*

Miss Gussie Booe, Business Graduate—*Mrs. A. E. Escott, Charlotte, N. C.*
Miss Emma White, Business Graduate—*Working, in Charlotte, N. C.*
Miss Bessie Belk, Business Graduate—*Mrs. D. Kennedy, Statesville, N. C.*

1906-1907

Miss Ina Connelly, A.B.—*At home, Statesville, N. C.*
Miss Beth Evans, A.B.—*Teaching, in Va.*
Miss Maud Nicholson, A.B.—*At home, Statesville, N. C.*
Miss Mattilee Nicholson, A.B.—*Mrs. G. E. Hughey, Statesville, N. C.*
Miss Elizabeth Boykin, B.L.—*Mrs. G. D. Fields, Macon, Ga.*
Miss Mittie Greene, B.L.—*Teaching in Newell, N. C.*
Miss Ethel Nelson, B.L.—*Married.*
Miss Isabel Saddler, Elocution—*Teaching in Gainesville, Fla.*
Miss Sarah Howard, Business Graduate—*Teaching, in Clio, N. C.*
Miss Jessie Knox, Business Graduate—*Stenographer, Statesville, N. C.*
Miss Reitinger, Business Graduate—*Mrs. Kutsch.*
Miss Rosa Brown, Business Graduate—*Mrs. G. C. Critcher, Statesville, N. C.*

1907-1908

Miss Mary Sue Elder, A.B.—*Teaching, Concord Depot, Va.*
Miss Mary C. B. Henry, A.B.—*Teaching, Drakes Branch, Va.*
Miss Mary McDougald, A.B.—*At home, Statesville, N. C.*
Miss Nannie L. Oliver, A.B.—*Teaching, Stuart, Va.*
Miss Katie Lee Steele, A.B.—*Teaching, near Concord, N. C.*
Miss Connie Williamson, A.B.—*Teaching, Mecklenburg Co., N. C.*
Miss Annie Lee Bradford, B. L.—*Teaching, Taylorsville, N. C.*
Miss Pearle Caldwell, A.B.—*At home, Huntersville, N. C.*
Miss Esther Johnson, B.L.—*Mrs. R. G. Patrick, Havana, Ark.*
Miss Bleeker Mills, B.L.—*Working, in Charlotte, N. C.*
Miss Sophie Richards, B.L.—*Teaching, Liberty Hill, S. C.*
Miss Willie Nicholson, Elocution—*Working, Statesville, N. C.*
Miss Annie Adams, Business Graduate—*Mrs. Henry Poston.*
Miss Eva Dotson, Special—*Working, in Statesville, N. C.*

1908-1909

Miss Rae Gill, A.B.—*Teaching, near Shelby, N. C.*
Miss Lila White, A.B.—*Teaching, in Hiddenite, N. C.*
Miss Willie Nicholson, A.B.—*Working, in Statesville, N. C.*
Miss Anna Belle Walton, A.B.—*Working, in Statesville, N. C.*
Miss Lucy Niblock, A.B.—.....

Miss Lucile Williams, A.B.—*Teaching History, S. F. C.*
Miss Mattie Murchison, B.L.—*Teaching, Bishopville, S. C.*
Miss Lucile Kimball, A.B.—*At home, Statesville, N. C.*
Miss Virginia Maloney, Piano Graduate—*Teaching, Hosmer, Va.*
Miss Margaret Overcash, Piano Graduate—*Teaching, near Taylorsville, N. C.*
Miss Armentine Eldridge, Special—*Teaching, Houston, Texas.*
Miss Iris McDougald, Business Graduate—*Teaching Business Course, S. F. C.*
Miss Mary Bettie Field, Business Graduate—*At home, Statesville, N. C.*
Miss Ella Milhollen, Business Graduate—*At home, Rock Hill, S. C.*
Miss Katie R. Wyckoff, Business Graduate—*Mrs. J. F. Lippard.*
Miss Fannie Gaither, Business Graduate—*At home, Statesville, N. C.*

1909-1910

Miss Julia Mae Caldwell, A.B.—*Studying Music, Elizabeth College, Charlotte.*
Miss Sarah Adams, B.L.—*At home, Statesville, N. C.*
Miss Eloise Connelly, A.B.—*At home, Statesville, N. C.*
Miss Fanny Field, Special—*At home, Statesville, N. C.*
Miss Lilley Paxton, Piano Graduate—*Teaching, Barium Springs, N. C.*
Mr. Erasmus Stimson, Piano Graduate—*Teaching, Asheville, N. C.*
Miss Clara Bowles, Piano Graduate—*At home, Hickory, N. C.*
Miss Rae Gill, Piano Graduate—*Teaching, near Shelby, N. C.*
Miss Lucile Kimball, Piano Graduate—*At home, Statesville, N. C.*
Miss Annie Davis, A.B.—*Teaching, in Greenwood, S. C.*
Miss Beulah Hamilton, B.L.—*Teaching, College Hill, N. C.*
Miss Arleene Gilmer, B.S.—*At home, Statesville, N. C.*
Miss Mary B. Hill, A.B.—*Teaching, Statesville, N. C.*
Miss Mabel Laugenour, A.B.—*At home, Statesville, N. C.*
Miss Charlye Kimball, B.L.—*At home, Statesville, N. C.*
Miss Carmen Price, B.L.—*Teaching, Graham, N. C.*
Miss Addie Phifer, A.B.—.....
Miss Addye Murchison, Special—*At home, Camden, S. C.*

1910-1911

Miss Katherine Scott, A.B.—*At home, Savannah, Va.*
Miss Allie Mae Arey, A.B.—*Doing Post-Graduate Work, S. F. C.*
Miss Mary Bell, A.B.—*Teaching, Madison, N. C.*
Miss Mary Bradford, B.S.—*Teaching, near Charlotte, N. C.*
Miss Rachel Summers, B.L.—*Studying, University, N. C.*
Miss Grace Sosaman, B.L.—*Teaching, near Charlotte, N. C.*

College Song

(TUNE: *Old Folks at Home*).

We hail thee, dear old Statesville College,
Our guiding star;
Thy daughters cherish Alma Mater,
Hail thee from near and far.
Fair fame shall wreathe thine ancient portals
With laurels green;
We bring thee buds of sweet affection,
Twining the leaves between.

CHORUS

Yes, we love thee, dear S. F. C.
And we promise true
Ne'er to forget the dear old college
Whatever else we do.

Sweet echoes wake the peaceful valleys,
While mountains ring,
As voices from the years long faded
Join in the song we sing.
With hearts and voices now united,
We sing to thee,
And will thy memory ever cherish
Hail to thee, S. F. C.

Farewell Song

(TUNE: *Old Kentucky Home*).

Sweet summer songs float among the old oak trees
As we're parting, we're parting today.
And gold and maroon float proudly on the breeze,
Emblems fair to guide us all the way.

CHORUS

S. F. C. forever!
Oh! hear the chorus swell,
We will sing one song for the class of 1912,
To the class of 1912—*a fond farewell.*

Then, farewell girls, noble band of 1912,
We're parting, we're parting today.
God speed you ever, our hearts united sing,
Praying what our voices cannot say.

CHORUS

1912 *forever!*
Oh! hear the chorus swell,
We will sing one song for the class of 1912,
To the class of 1912—*a fond farewell.*

To Our "Alma Mater"

"Alma Mater," all hail, all hail!
When College days are o'er,
May her influence still prevail
Like the spreading sycamore.
May her daughters far and near,
Like the branches of that tree,
Adorn each passing year,
And bless humanity.

THE END

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